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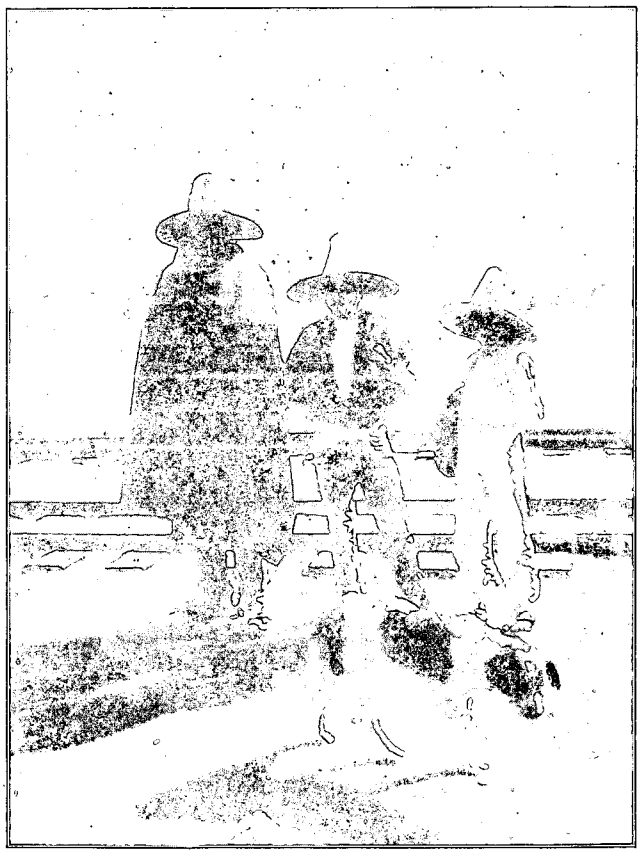

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CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

THE WEEK 639

EDITORIAL ARTICLES:

Economic Science in America 642
History as an Art 643
"Little Tim" and Tammany 643
The Issues in England 644
The World's Literary Centre 645

SPECIAL ARTICLES:

Recent German Fiction 646
Bibliographical Notes on Poe.—II.... 647

CORRESPONDENCE:

The Party System 648
Aviation in 1783 648
Philology and Criticism 649
College English and a Proposed Remedy 649
Early References to Robin Hood and Little John 649

LITERATURE:

American Prose Masters 649
The Ball and the Cross 651
The Beggar in the Heart 651
The Sinking Ship 651
The Backwoodsmen 652
Home Letters of General Sherman.. 652
The Catholic Encyclopedia 653
Essai sur les Principes de la Métrique anglaise 654
Wayside Wisdom 655
Richard Jefferies: His Life and Work 655

NOTES 655

SCIENCE:

The Survival of Man 658
Eusapia Palladino and Her Phenomena 658

DRAMA 659

MUSIC 660

ART:

Scottish Paintings, Past and Present 660

FINANCE:

After the "Loan-Shifting" 662

BOOKS OF THE WEEK..... 663

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1909.

The Week.

Mr. Pinchot's address of Monday contained undeniably words of warning. He evidently believes that the work of conservation is endangered. With much intensity of language he spoke of schemes to defeat the ends aimed at by the Forestry Bureau and to fasten the clutch of corporate hands, by secret and unlawful means, upon what should be kept for the general use and enjoyment. We take it for granted that Mr. Pinchot can produce the evidence for his charges, and that it will be laid in due time before the Congressional committee that is to be appointed to look into the whole matter. There need be no doubt that public feeling is now such that it will stand by any official who seeks to beat off from government lands all dishonest and greedy intriguers. It will be wise, however, for Mr. Pinchot and all who are heartily with him in his important work, to perceive that the whole difficulty does not lie in self-seeking and fraudulent opposition to the conservation policy. There is an antagonism which is honest. In many of the Western States the people feel that their legitimate development is hindered by too narrow restrictions upon the preëmpting and use of public lands.

This Western point of view was well set forth in the speech which Representative Mondell of Wyoming made in the House the other day. As printed in the *Congressional Record*, it had the caption: "Shall the People or the Bureaus Rule?" That suggests the line of argument. Mr. Mondell spoke with good knowledge of conditions in the public-land States, and affirmed with energy their determination to administer their own affairs without any "Federal landlordism." His speech dealt specifically with the water-power question. Over non-navigable rivers in the States, Congress has no control. The waters of all natural streams are State property. This was fully recognized by Secretary Ballinger in his proposal that the Government should not alienate, but only lease temporarily, lands which may be used for power-sites. As the right to use the water itself can be conferred only by the State, the Secretary urged that the States should be asked to "transfer to the United States" the "necessary water-rights" to go with the permits for the use of the abutting land. Against this, Representative Mondell protested with the utmost earnestness, and declared that such Federal control would not be tolerated, first, because it was without Constitutional warrant, and, secondly, because "the people of these States have clearly and definitely assumed and do now exercise full and complete control over the use and distribution of water, and can manage their domestic affairs better than they can be managed for them." This whole policy of conservation must be written in statutes which the wayfaring man can understand, which the trickster cannot violate without incurring swift and adequate penalties, and which the Administration can enforce as the deliberate will of the people.

Postmaster-General Hitchcock's annual report shows that he is alive to the necessity of increasing the postal revenues, but it offers no clear-cut plans for reform. The chief sources of loss are the rural delivery routes and the low rates on magazines, to which Mr. Taft referred in his message. Mr. Hitchcock's suggestion that distance zones be established for the magazines, with varying postal rates, will scarcely prove practical. And if it did we should see the magazines moving to the centres of their circulation. Interference with printed matter of as great educational value as these magazines will hardly be possible without arousing violent popular feeling. But an inquiry into the prices paid to the railways for carrying second-class matter might be profitable. A more hopeful field would seem to be the rural delivery routes, into which branch of the service, as Mr. Hitchcock admits, serious abuses have crept. The loss here is no less than $28,000,000 a year; but when Mr. Hitchcock touches this, he touches politics. The extension of the routes has been due largely to favoritism, so that often in thickly settled communities, in which the rural delivery would pay, there is none, and in the sparsely settled regions represented by some influential Congressman, rural delivery is general. Here, too, Mr. Hitchcock has no definite suggestions, though he is certain of making considerable savings by readjustment and modernization. In that direction seems for the moment to be the best hope of cutting down the deficit of $17,479,770.47.

Ohio Republicans are saying to themselves with a mixture of apprehension and complacency that their State bids fair to be the chief political battlefield next year. This is partly because we have an Ohio President again, and partly because, if Gov. Harmon is reëlected next November, he may easily become the Democratic candidate for the Presidency in 1912. It is felt that it would be a serious blow to Mr. Taft's prestige if his party were to lose his own State before his term was half over. And despite the condescending Republican talk about the need of a strong and respectable Opposition party, there is a natural dread of making it so strong and respectable under the leadership of Judson Harmon that it would stand a good chance of carrying the next Presidential election. Hence the present flutter in Ohio. Its Republican citizens are not a little elated to see their State again made "pivotal" in the old absorbing way, but cannot repress a fear lest their party's fortunes should turn the wrong way on the pivot.

The setback to the anti-liquor movement in recent local elections in Massachusetts and elsewhere has led, according to the Chicago *Inter Ocean*, to a renewal of hostilities between the Prohibition forces and the Anti-Saloon League. In a circular issued by the chairman of the Associated Prohibition Press, the argument from Massachusetts is driven hard. In that State, as a whole, an aggregate majority of 26,000 has been registered for no license within three years. Yet in the election of two weeks ago four cities with a population of 220,000 deserted the no-license column, while only one city with 32,000 population entered it. The argument proceeds:

> Were the same tremendous amount of energy, enthusiasm, money, and political

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wisdom and experience which has been lavished in these local contests now to be focussed upon the adequate and sufficient goals of State and national prohibition, backed by an organized political uprising of the people who believe in it, the liquor traffic would see a nation-wide doom within twelve months. With the seesaw activities of the present hour, nothing permanent will ever be accomplished.

In other words, communities that have once declared against liquor and want to change are to be kept in the straight and narrow way by majorities elsewhere in the State. How far such a system carries an unwilling community towards real prohibition, Portland in Maine and Atlanta and Savannah, Georgia, are still with us to testify.

It would be unfair to hold President Taft responsible as yet for the plan of a new government for Alaska which is now being outlined in the newspapers, since he has not officially recommended it. Yet there are marks which indicate his interest in it. The government foreshadowed is based on the Philippine Commission, for there are to be nine councilmen or commissioners, of whom a minority, four, are to be elected; Mr. Taft's plan is, according to report, a "strongly centralized government administered by comparatively few men." We need not discuss now whether the only alternative left in dealing with Alaska is this abandonment of the democratic theory of government, and even the historic form for the administration of a Territory later to become a State; but we must point out the danger accompanying our departure from republican forms in the Philippines. When we first took our rash plunge into Imperialism, we heard much of benefit to our own political life to be derived from governing others for their unadulterated good. But here is about the first case we can record in which the Philippine experiment has affected home conditions, and it is in quite the wrong direction. People scoffed at the idea that ruling by generals or by commissions in Cuba, Porto Rico, in Panama, and the Philippines could react on our own political ideas, but now we see that it may. Congress will, we trust, be careful not to adopt any plan for autocratic government in Alaska without the most careful consideration of what this means and whither it leads.

According to cable dispatches from Hawaii, "Prince Cupid" has committed the unpardonable sin of attacking Gov. Frear of that Territory, charging that official with falsehood and with holding his office "solely in the interest of the sugar planters." This incident will probably end, the dispatch says, in the "elimination of natives as representatives in Washington," "Prince Cupid," or Mr. Kalanianaole, as he is officially known, being now Delegate to Congress. The Prince did not even stop with this denunciation, but treasonably declared that the administration of public lands had not been in the interests of the people, but of the sugar planters. "We must do something," he declared, "to get the land back among the people." This treason to the sugar planters merits, we submit, a much worse penalty than mere deprivation of office. Bread and water for forty days in solitary confinement strikes us as about the proper punishment for questioning the divine right of capital in Hawaii to continue to control the islands and to exploit the natives precisely as it sees fit.

If Cook is insane, that is a matter for regret and sympathy on the part of his personal friends, and a matter of interest from the standpoint of the alienist and the psychologist; as a public figure, he ceased to have any interest whatever from the moment that his claim was proved to be fraudulent. It is absurd to treat his case as though he had won great honor in other ways, and afterwards committed acts which were ascribed to moral defects, but which might be explained on the ground of mental disease. Cook had no title to the world's attention except the performance that is now exposed as a preposterous hoax; and whether the fraud was committed by a man who was altogether sane or by a man who was more or less insane, is surely a matter possessing very limited interest. When it is further borne in mind that Cook's past, as shown up in the course of the inquiry, is quite in keeping with the fraudulent and money-grabbing propensities exhibited in this matter of the Pole, a last touch is put to the absurdity of giving him any further attention as a serious subject of public concern.

If a Roman draughtsman had accompanied Cæsar's legions to Gaul, and there set down with fidelity the semi-barbaric warriors, the weapons they bore, the horses they rode, the whole circumstance of aggressive civilization beyond the Alps, we should treasure his work, quite irrespective of any precious quality as art. The faithful picture of the winning of the West by the late Frederic Remington is marked by a singular vivacity and comprehensiveness. His curiosity was unbounded, he lived the life he depicted, and enthusiasm supplied a technique suitable for his peculiar sort of stalwart expression. His business was with action. To convey the vivid sense of taut muscle in man or beast he willingly sacrificed what he rightly regarded as the smaller qualities of harmony and surface. Emphatically the illustrator, the sheer energy and zest of his workmanship make it in every way more important than much that passes as exquisite. He was one of the very few able artists of our time who managed never to be clever, preferring instead a quite magnificent audacity in truth-telling. It is not necessary now to pass upon his copious production as art. Presumably, it will mean a little less to a generation for whom Col. Cody and Col. Roosevelt will be half-forgotten legends. But we cannot imagine a time when a lover either of art or of humankind, happening on a portfolio of Frederic Remington's designs, will not find them tonic. Without him posterity would be at a loss to know what the West looked like, for no photographs have the drastic facility that dignified alike his casual scribble in a notebook and his finished group in bronze.

That a little learning is a dangerous thing is a maxim which finds illustration in many ways. One of these is the readiness with which the mass of easy-going up-to-date people accept as a finality what they are given to understand is the latest word of "science"—whether in history, philology, ethnology, physics, biology, or what not—as to the worthlessness or error of the results obtained by the great men of former days. In his address at the opening of the Palmer Physical Laboratory at Princeton, printed in the current number of *Science*, it is pleasing to find Dr. Elihu Thomas laying down the law in one such case. Speaking of Franklin and the lightning rod, he says: "In these later years it is not unusual to meet

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with statements of discredit or denial of the efficacy of this simple device. There seems to be a tendency among the uninformed to regard it as an old-fashioned and useless if not a dangerous contrivance." And he proceeds to assert with emphasis that, while ignorant or dishonest lightning-rod men have made worthless installations, "the Franklin rod when properly installed undoubtedly secures practical immunity from lightning damage"; and, furthermore, that the best vindication of Franklin is found in the "reliance placed by the trained electrical engineer upon the provision of an easy path for the electricity of lightning to reach the ground." There are a hundred directions in which there is altogether too much of a "tendency among the uninformed"—and among the well-informed, too—to accept with cheerful alacrity the verdict that this or that achievement of the past must be thrown into the scrap-heap.

It is good news to hear from Washington that Zelaya is not to escape us, after all. We had begun to fear that this miscreant, being on Mexican soil, might avoid trial for murder by our Government. Hence we are really relieved to learn from Washington dispatches that Mr. Knox is not worried; that he can bring Zelaya to the bar at any moment. The State Department knows just what it can do, there being so many precedents for putting on trial in his individual capacity the head of one sovereign state for behavior unsatisfactory to another sovereign state. What is the last precedent? Why, Abraham Lincoln returned to Spain a slave-ship captain, a subject of Spain, who fled to this country. What analogy could be closer? All Mr. Knox will have to do will be to write to President Diaz: "Dear Diaz: Please deliver Zelaya to the United States troops at El Paso and let us reciprocate at any time. We expect to try Zelaya at Pittsburgh for his cruelties committed in Nicaragua. With best New Year's wishes, Knox." Seemingly, in international law the Pittsburgh lawyer is hereafter to be as famous for ingenuity as the Philadelphia lawyer has long been.

Not the least unfortunate aspect of the Nicaragua mixup is the growing strain upon our relations with Mexico. It is disappointing that only a few months after the elaborate show of friendship between Presidents Taft and Diaz on the banks of the Rio Grande, the two countries should have fallen into a state of mutual irritation. Mexico is angry and anxious, and shows her resentment by constituting herself Zelaya's protector in the hour of his adversity. Our own State Department thereupon loses its temper and, looking about for something to quarrel over, hits upon the case of an American citizen who has spent five months in a Mexican jail under a criminal indictment, without being brought to trial. How about it, asks our State Department, in a tone of moral indignation peculiarly appropriate in a people who, like ourselves, do not know what is meant by the law's delay, or the occasional miscarriage of justice. Certainly the *Civis Americanus sum* has never been sounded so sonorously as during these last few weeks of excitement in the Caribbean.

Belgium under King Albert I enters upon a phase of her national career that may be full of high interest for the world at large. To the peoples and politicians of Europe there is new food for speculation in the presence of a sovereign of known German sympathies on the throne of one of the two little maritime nations that German Imperialistic ambition is supposed to have marked ultimately for its own. Outside of Europe, interest will lie in the rôle that Belgium under her new King will now play in the Congo. Up to the present the Congo has been a stain on the national honor of Belgium, without the compensation even of material profit. It remains to be seen whether the new régime will succeed actually in accomplishing what has been so loudly claimed in behalf of the late King—the planting of the roots of civilization in the heart of the Dark Continent. It is a splendid opportunity offered to a small nation. The Congo colony, because of the low stage of civilization its inhabitants have reached, because of the great administrative difficulties it offers, is more peculiarly a white man's burden than almost any other possession of the European nations. High testimonials have often been paid to the efficiency and devotion of the Belgian civil service in the Congo. They were excellent men in the clutch of an evil system. These men should now have an opportunity to show what they can do when they work, not for rubber, but for civilization.

It is impossible for Americans to point to assassination of high officers of government as a product of despotic conditions exclusively, in view of our own record of Presidential assassinations; but when three such events are given in the telegraphic dispatches of a single day, and all of them are based on essentially similar conditions, the concurrence is too striking to be passed over. The blowing to pieces of the chief of the secret police in St. Petersburg is but the latest incident in a long story of desperate revolt against intolerable despotism; the killing of the Prime Minister of Korea, as of a British chief magistrate in India, is a manifestation of a state of things that is more recent. But in all three cases, the fundamental fact is the same—the unrest of the people of our time, whether in Orient or Occident, under conditions which are a denial of the right of self-government. It is well to take note of such indications of the state of mind of subject peoples and remember them when smooth things are prophesied of the future of our own relations with the people of the Philippines.

Mr. Wu Ting Fang's promise that he will be with us again fifty years from now gives the people of the District of Columbia and the entire American press something to look forward to. Mr. Wu's entrances and exits as Chinese Minister at Washington constitute one of the most legitimate and real subjects of permanent newspaper interest. He has been in the flesh the imaginary traveller from China or the Indies whom eighteenth-century writers were fond of making the vehicle of satire against European civilization. The tone in which the Chinese diplomat's acts and sayings have been chronicled shows plainly that we credit the bland and open-eyed observer from the East with a sense of humor equal to our own. If Minister Wu carries out his intention of living two hundred years and comes back as Minister at Washington in 1959, may it be as the representative of a constitutional, well-governed, and prosperous China to a free, self-governing, dis-Aldriched and un-Cannonized United States.

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ECONOMIC SCIENCE IN AMERICA.

The American Historical Association and the American Economic Association are celebrating in New York this week the twenty-fifth anniversary of their formation. That the Historical Association should date back only a quarter of a century seems surprising, in view of the extensive pursuit of historical study from an early period of our national life; but in the case of the Economic Association, the foundation of the society was almost coeval with the beginnings of important and widespread activity in our country in the field whose cultivation it was designed to promote. Indeed, when the formation of the American Economic Association was proposed, twenty-five years ago, few persons realized that there existed in America a body of earnest and able students of economics adequate to maintain such an association. And in fact such a body of economic scholars and investigators in our country had at that time existed only a very few years.

Great as have been the material changes in America in the past three decades—the applications of invention, the growth of wealth, the concentration of industrial and financial power—there has been quite as striking a change in the development of specialized learning. In every department of research there has been, since the foundation of the Johns Hopkins University in 1876, a radical change of the status of American science and scholarship as related to the intellectual activities of the Old World. Before that time, with the exception of the work here and there of some isolated man of extraordinary powers, America was content, in nearly every field, to be a receptive follower, leaving to European investigators the task of maintaining the advancement of science and the progress of scholarship; now, in almost every branch, she contributes, at least in quantity and in many instances in quality also, her full share to the great stream of scientific research and publication. It might have been thought, *a priori*, that economics would naturally be an exception to this rule; that, in view of the prominence of economic factors in the making of our history, the study of such phenomena would have attracted adequate attention at an earlier date than other branches of inquiry; but this was by no means the case. On the contrary, there is perhaps no department of research which—aside from the work of a few notable individuals—had been more completely neglected among us. And among the very few exceptions that did exist, two were of the kind that eminently prove the rule; for the work of both Henry Carey and Henry George, whatever may be one's judgment of its merit or its value, was precisely of the kind that does not spring from a general or systematic cultivation of scientific study.

In the common advance of specialized study that has taken place in America, no department of inquiry has shared more conspicuously than economics; indeed, it may be doubted whether there is any other subject in which so marked a development has been shown. And this is not surprising; for in the case of economics there has been present an incitement special to this province. Thirty years ago, with the exception of the currency and the tariff, there were no economic problems felt by the nation at large to be pressing. Labor questions there were, to be sure; but they had not assumed anything like the definiteness of the questions of to-day. Our national resources still seemed inexhaustible. We were only beginning to realize the scope and significance of corporation problems; the giant combinations of capital that are in the forefront to-day were in the future. Our people were still predominantly agricultural; and Socialism was only dimly thought of as a question that might some day come home to us. With the growing complexity of our conditions and the growing urgency of economic questions of every kind, there has been a demand for a vast amount of close study, both of general problems and of specific conditions; and the publications of the American Economic Association bear witness to the fact that this demand has been worthily responded to by the professors in our universities and by other students.

It would be a mistake, however, to attribute solely to these practical demands the growth of economic study in our country. In the domain of theory there has been a notable activity, and several of our writers have won high international recognition in this field. Indeed, it is interesting to recall that, in its early years the American Economic Association interested many chiefly for its attitude toward the controversy, then at its height, between the "orthodox" English political economy and the views of the German "historical school." It was soon made plain that the Association was not to be identified with any dogma or faction; and the controversy itself now seems a vague and distant memory. As to the work of American economists in general, it may fairly be said that some of them have pushed the refinements of theoretical analysis as far as they have been carried anywhere, while others have gone into the most painstaking and laborious examination of concrete facts. If some of this labor, in both directions, has passed beyond the limits of what is profitable, that is but the price which must always be paid, in this world, for the energetic and whole-hearted promotion of any large object.

There is one important aspect of the growth of scientific study of economics in our country which is too gratifying to be passed without mention. This is the utilization of the services of trained economists in the carrying on of government work, and the influence that has been exercised by them on the course of legislation and administration. With professors of economics drafted into the public service for such tasks as the straightening out of the finances of Porto Rico and San Domingo, the investigation of tariff schedules under the provision of the new tariff act, the organization of the work of the National Monetary Commission, and other things too numerous to mention, the epithet "academic" will hardly any longer be applied to our scientific economists as a term of reproach. But these governmental appointments by no means furnish a measure of the practical influence that our economists have been exercising. The remarkable development of governmental efficiency in the State of Wisconsin, in its dealings with corporations and in other matters, is a signal example of the kind of thing we have in mind. And, aside entirely from governmental activities, there is the influence of our economists upon the formation of public opinion on the great questions of the day, an influence which is sure to be manifested in increasing degree as the years go by. It is a national gain that, at a time when we shall need all the resources of trained intelligence and impartial investigation

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for the wise treatment of economic problems, there has grown up among us a body of men properly equipped for such a task.

HISTORY AS AN ART.

The works of the Neapolitan philosopher and critic, Benedetto Croce, are well known to special students. He has the gift of clear and trenchant utterance, and the translation just issued of his first extensive work, "Æsthetic," will interest any one who can read real books of any sort. Many who are indifferent to the main argument will be stimulated by incidental comment that touches vigorously pretty much every field of intellectual activity. For example, Signor Croce discusses in passing the much-disputed point whether history is a science or an art.

Here he goes immediately to fundamentals. What counts for him in the case is not any display of method, but the nature of the affirmations made by the historian. These, when they transcend mere annalism, are not affirmations of the intellect, based on generalized experience, but intuitions based on the memory of other persons. Moreover, history never permits real generalizations. It deals always with the particular. We talk of heroes but mean Antony or Napoleon; we discourse concerning nations but mean always Rome or England. The generalizations of history are either illusions or pretence. At times they are valuable. In such case, says our guide, we have philosophy masking as history. More often we have merely the complicated and extended intuitions of the artist-historian borrowing the airs and phrases of the sciences.

That history, if a science, is on a different basis from any that admits direct observation and experiment has frequently been remarked. Signor Croce lays smaller stress upon the inherently uncertain nature of the data of history than upon the manner in which such materials inevitably are transmuted into the written page. He might have alluded tellingly to the fact that the historians who most affect the manner of science have generally declined to attempt this transmutation, occupying themselves merely with the arrangement and publication of archives. And the timidity of such scholars throws much light on the whole matter. What do they fear except to fall into what they scornfully style "mere literature," that is, history—and art? Whenever real history, as distinguished from source-books, is written, we are in the field of the intuitions. Out of a variety of possibilities we get the one that has vividly appealed to the taste of a given historian. This is true of what we ordinarily call the facts of history; and evidently its interpretations are even more deeply colored by simple personal preferences.

This view has been objected to as belittling one of the most fascinating of pursuits. Signor Croce, on the contrary, claims to be the very good friend of history. As an art it deserves even greater respect than it may arrogate as a pseudo-science, and if its affirmations are often divinations, they are thus all the nearer to the kind of intuitions by which we perforce direct our own lives. Here he takes strong ground against the skeptics for whom history is "the fable agreed upon." The historian is an artist, but he deals in an authentic and even authoritative art of life:

> Historical certainty is composed of memory and of authority, not of analyses and of demonstration. To speak of historical induction or demonstration, is to make a metaphorical use of these expressions, which in history bear a meaning quite different from that which they bear in science. The conviction of the historian is the undemonstrable conviction of the juryman, who has heard the witnesses, listened attentively to the case, and prayed Heaven to inspire him. Sometimes, without doubt, he is mistaken, but the mistakes are in a negligible minority compared with the occasions when he gets hold of the truth.

If this view of the procedures of history is true, there remains to be inferred a rather important corollary. If the method of history is æsthetic, then the absence of acceptable form in its composition is simply intolerable. To say that a history is good but badly written and composed is as foolish as to remark that a sonnet is beautiful but clumsily turned. A general acceptance of Signor Croce's theory would rule out of court hundreds of ill-digested books in which the historian has rashly claimed the scientist's immunity from the requirement of form. The loss of these books would be slight. Indeed, a general clearing out of pretty much all the thicket that lies between avowed archivism and real history would be beneficial not only to the public but also to the historian.

"LITTLE TIM" AND TAMMANY.

In the career of such a man as Timothy P. Sullivan, and in the extraordinary manifestations of personal affection for him which his death has evoked on the East Side, we get a vivid glimpse of the secret of Tammany's power. It is an old story, but no fresh illustration of it can fail to fix the attention. Politics and governmental questions are involved, but there is something more—the human element. The name of Sullivan has been something to conjure with in thickly populated districts of New York, not merely because the bearers of it were Tammany leaders and influential politicians. They have been, in addition, a sort of earthly Providence to thousands of men and women and children with whom they have lived in close contact and on terms of fellow-feeling, and whom they have thoroughly understood. Tammany is a wonderful political machine, but the true hiding of its power lies not in organization, but in the man-to-man dealing, the intimate personal relations, which exist between so many of its leaders and the vast concourse of people of all races, with their shifting social conditions, which make up so large a part of the voting strength south of Fourteenth Street.

Among them the dead Sullivan lived and grew rich and politically powerful, but never lost the reputation of being a man of the people, a "good feller," a kind neighbor and friend. This ex-saloonkeeper, this gambler, this politician who rose rapidly to large wealth by questionable means, was at least an adept in the human problem which meant so much for him. He had the name of being a brother of the poor. In their good fortune he rejoiced and in their calamities he was ready with his sympathy. He made himself easily accessible to the troubled, the friendless, the needy. Not only by gifts and assistance in times of emergency, but by acting as a general employment agent, a counsellor, a champion, an intervener between the law and offenders, did he steal away the hearts of the people in his district and hold their political support in the hollow of his hand.

We are not saying that this is admirable. The dark side of the picture must never be forgotten. Sullivan knew how to live upon the vices and the misery of the people he ostensibly befriended. It

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is said that he never drank himself, but coined money out of the perverted appetites and degradation of slaves of liquor. He may have been a clean liver himself, for all we know, but the evidence is strong that he levied tribute, directly or indirectly, upon those who made barter of womanhood and domesticated hell-fire on the East Side. And with all his airs of good-fellowship and human kindness, a Tammany leader like Sullivan is really bent like Croker upon working for his own pocket all the time, in disregard of the removable causes of the wretchedness around him. What true and lasting improvement in the lot of the poor in New York is due to the initiative of a Sullivan? Christmas presents and picnics represented merely a largess skimmed from the top of his large winnings. What have such things to do with better tenements and streets, sanitary advances, school privileges, a lowered death rate, and all the general struggle of poverty against adverse conditions? In that long battle, the Sullivans are merely camp-followers, who may indeed relieve now and then a sick or injured man, but who give away only a part of what they have first stolen, and who never get into the real fighting line against the evils and vices and bad environment and misgovernment which keep the poor down and rob them of opportunity and of hope.

All this must not be overlooked as a fearful offset to the charities and friendly activities of Timothy Sullivan among his constituents. The balance is terribly against him; and all that we say is that his traits and methods go far to making intelligible the political power which he won. In his person, we see how Tammany ceases to be a far-away system, a political organization, and becomes, to the streets and homes of the teeming East Side, both near and intensely human.

To comprehend is not, in this instance, to forgive. But it is certainly not to scorn, either. Let prouder political leaders, and public men who hold themselves much higher in the world than "Little Tim" Sullivan, pause and ask themselves, before disdaining him, whether their motives are essentially different from his. If he was ready to build up a political following by an unscrupulous use of the offices, are not they? Was it any worse for a Sullivan to "dig up something" for a henchman in a city department, than for a Parsons to hunt jobs in the custom-house for his helpers? Extremes meet when we get down to the fundamental instincts of politicians. Nor is the question of comparative honesty so easy of solution. We can imagine many complacent Protectionists drawing away their garments from a grafting and gambling Sullivan, in politics to make money, but are they really any better? Is Tammany actually more mercenary than the Home Market Club or the Protective Tariff League? We know of no satisfactory proof that it is. If to seek to get control of the offices and to make laws, for the purpose of putting the public money in private pockets, be the animating motive of Tammany, those who are actuated by it in other fields and under other names cannot escape the condemnation which inevitably falls upon political selfishness and corruption. In this view, there is no essential difference between getting rich by buying city privileges from the Aldermen, and by buying protective laws from Congress. Pursuing the analysis to the bitter end, it is hard to distinguish the methods of a Sullivan from those of an Aldrich or a Cannon.

THE ISSUES IN ENGLAND.

Evidence is piling up that the English Conservatives are not pleased with the way in which the electoral campaign is going. What troubles them most is that the issues are not in the popular mind what they are in the Conservative mind. It is a common experience in democracies; the voters have a perverse way of deciding for themselves what chiefly interests them, with a cool disregard of what party leaders assure them is the main issue. The Conservative managers would have a protective tariff put into the forefront of discussion, with minor emphasis laid upon the vicious features of the budget; but to their disgust and dismay they find everybody talking about the House of Lords and the necessity of destroying its veto. On this point we may quote the *Morning Post*, which says ruefully that "the campaign against the House of Lords is an attempt to prevent the nation from speaking its mind on the great question. . . . If only the mind of the public can be riveted on the fiscal issue during the next few weeks, victory will be assured." In line with this is Joseph Chamberlain's declaration, in the preface which he has written for a political pamphlet, that the Liberals are trying to raise a "false issue." He would have the Conservatives stoutly withstand this effort to "shift the ground"; and concludes with a sentence which certainly does not betray very high confidence in the outcome: "If the issue of tariff reform were submitted by itself, there would be no doubt whatever of the reply."

The Conservatives, however, have no reason to be surprised at the trend of the campaign. They were distinctly warned in advance of precisely what would happen. Lord Rosebery pointed out with the utmost plainness, as did such Conservatives as Lord Cromer and Lord James of Hereford and Lord Balfour of Burleigh, that if the House of Lords threw out the budget the election would be fought primarily on that issue, and that the rights and very existence of the upper chamber would be at stake. It was abundantly predicted, and was, indeed, inevitable, that the battle-cry made possible by the action of the Lords would at once unite and hearten the Liberals and draw to them the support of the Labor party and the Irish. All this has come to pass. Indeed, the Conservatives themselves have been unable to avoid meeting the issue which they dread. Peers have taken the field in their own defence, and the ablest Unionist orators have been compelled to speak about the topic uppermost in public thought. Even Joseph Chamberlain, like Mr. Balfour, is forced to give attention to the "false issue," and makes an argument in behalf of a Second Chamber. This, of course, exposes Mr. Chamberlain to the terrible retorts taken from his own speeches of twenty-five and thirty years ago, when he was a flaming Radical and indulged in harsher language about the Lords than even Lloyd-George's to-day. Here, for example, is an extract from a speech made by Mr. Chamberlain in 1884, in which he asked whether the Lords were to "dictate to us, the people of England, the laws which we shall make," and called upon his hearers never to submit to "this miserable minority of individuals who rest their claims upon privilege and upon accident":

> I have no spite against the House of Lords, but I have an account to settle with them, and I promise I will not forget the

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reckoning. I boast a descent of which I am as proud as any baron may be of the title which he owes to the smiles of a king or to the favor of a king's mistress, for I can claim descent from one of the two thousand—one of the ejected members who, in the time of the Stuarts, left home and work and profit rather than accept a State-made creed which it was sought to force upon them. And for that reason, if for no other, I share your hopes and your aspirations, and I resent the insults, the injuries, and the injustice from which you have suffered so long at the hands of a privileged assembly.

We have been too long a peer-ridden nation, and I hope you will say to them that if they will not bow to the mandate of the people they shall lose for ever the authority which they have so long abused.

Mr. Chamberlain is, of course, like all statesmen, entitled to change his views on mature reflection, but nobody knows better than he what ammunition for the Liberals may be drawn from his old arsenals. And he would be one of the first to perceive that the action of the Lords could not fail to arouse resentment among the working classes and cause the Labor Party to seek a closer working agreement with the Liberals. This last is, in fact, in the way of being perfected. It is one of the ominous clouds on the Conservative horizon. There is no hard and fast arrangement between the Labor leaders and the Liberal managers, but many signs of a good understanding. It is not that Labor candidates will not seek election to Parliament in as great numbers as in 1906, but that many Labor candidates will be withdrawn in constituencies where they could not hope to succeed, and where a three-cornered contest might give the seat to the Conservatives. Several members of the Labor Party Executive Committee have recently made significant addresses, in which they have said that "the rights of the nation over-ride the fortunes of a party," and that "we do not want to do anything to help to return a candidate who is on the side of the Peers." Consequently, many an expected Labor candidacy will be abandoned, on the convenient ground that neither the party policy nor the party treasury will admit of it. The recent decision of the law Lords that members of a trades-union cannot be compulsorily assessed to pay Parliamentary expenses, will not make the Labor Party fall suddenly in love with the Peers. Funds will, no doubt, be raised by workingmen voluntarily, but all the greater care will be taken to spend them so as to tell most heavily against the Conservatives.

THE WORLD'S LITERARY CENTRE.

Now that the North Pole has been disposed of, we may turn our attention once more to the one really legitimate field of geographic interest, which has all this time been located in East Africa. While the Arctic Circle has been spinning through its brief day of glory, East Africa has bided in patience and the men who write about East Africa have stuck grimly to their typewriters. They are now laughing last. We shall have just one book about the North Pole. Already we count, upon the shelf, a full half-dozen books about East Africa. It is extraordinary how many people seem to know so many things about what has been usually spoken of as an unknown country. Yet the region between Victoria Nyanza and the Indian Ocean has drawn visitors from all corners of the civilized world for all sorts of reasons. Baedeker, when he takes up East Africa, will find undeniable evidence that the country offers attractions, as the advertisements say, for the missionary, the big-game hunter, the health-seeker, and the journalist. All of them are now publishing their experiences.

It is obvious that but for Mr. Roosevelt, most of these books would never have seen the light. It is not a question of merit; almost without exception, the books make very good reading. But it is not merit that unlocks the publisher's heart when there is no market for a particular brand of goods. Mr. Roosevelt has opened up such a market. He has recently been described as a dynamic geographer, as a man who takes obscure places and puts them on the map. Having done that service for Oyster Bay and Rock Creek Park in Washington, he now comes to the aid of a large section of the Dark Continent. But if the present flood of books on East Africa keeps up, Mr. Roosevelt will inevitably rank high as a dynamic literary pioneer as well as a geographer. The pathways of Mt. Kenia may become more familiar than the streets of the national capital. Every school-boy may soon have at his fingers' ends the annual rainfall, temperature, and barometric pressure at Mombasa. But literature will share in the triumphs of science; the library shelves keep groaning as the lions and rhinoceroses fall.

Mr. Roosevelt can afford to take his time while smaller people write their books. They cannot compete with him. His methods are not their methods and his appeal is not their appeal. Though a thousand volumes be written on the subject, the world is sure to wait for the final word to be spoken by the only man qualified to utter it. No blame to the minor writers if they make hay while the sun shines. There is a popular impression that the books have come from men who sped to East Africa after Mr. Roosevelt's plans for visiting that country were announced. Of the half-dozen books we have referred to, all deal with experiences antedating Mr. Roosevelt's by many months or many years. The further back we go, the more interesting do we find our book as a rule. In recent years, East Africa has suffered from a monotony of big-game hunters, who come for the same purpose, travel up by the same line of rail from Mombasa, and either shoot a large number of lions and elephants or do not. There was more variety in earlier days when travel was by caravan and the route was not marked out so rigidly. The earlier travellers, too, were much more interested in the human inhabitants of the country than in its fauna. No present-day author, of course, can avoid referring with tolerable frequency to the people about him, even if these appear in the rather artificial rôle of game-beaters and carriers for the white adventurer. But in too many books the main interest lies in discussions as to the relative danger of hunting lions, buffalo, leopards, and rhinoceroses. One writer grows very warm on the subject:

There is one other beast which is not often considered in the discussion of the most dangerous animals, and yet men who have had experience look upon him, when he is wounded, with a degree of respect that places him not even second to the lion. I mean a wounded leopard. He is the sneakiest, meanest hunter, and the most cruel, ferocious fighter of possibly any of the cat tribe.

Considering to what trouble and expense the hunter has gone in journeying to East Africa after his skin, how inexcusably thoughtless in the leopard!

Hence, at the risk of being written down in the scroll of the mollycoddles, we express our preference for the old-fashioned books of travel, the straight out-and-out account of the trained eth-

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nological observer, or better still, the story told by some missionary worker on the basis of long years of experience. There are books of this type in the new crop, and in them we catch a whiff of the old delight when some of us were younger than we are now, and Du Chaillu wrote of Gorilla Land and Stanley was new and Livingstone was still fresh. We come back with joy to those terrifying Masai and Nandi women with heavy wooden billets distorting lips and nose and ear-lobes almost to the size of a merry widow hat. The young bucks doing their war-dance; the witch-doctor whose efficacy is considered as varying with the amount of noise he makes, as is sometimes the case among doctors outside of Africa; the songs and the games and the queer funeral customs and the initiatory rites for the boys—do these things still fall within the ken of the boy of to-day, or have they been totally eclipsed by the dime novel on the one hand and the Henty and Alger books on the other? Does the modern boy know how queer his own familiar texts sound in the heathen tongues? Has he ever read that in the Lumasaba dialect, "Onward, Christian Soldiers" begins:

Babana ba Yesu mivinyuke mwesi
Mulole Yesu, ayu worangiye—

If these lines, falling into the proper hands, shall be the means of leading some boy to the treasures of the old-fashioned book of travel, they will not have been written in vain.

RECENT GERMAN FICTION.

Amazing originality and variety of motives characterize recent German fiction. Adventures surpassing in imaginative flight anything Jules Verne ever invented; the mystery of crime wrought with the craft of Sherlock Holmes; psychopathic problems, marriage conflicts, and tragedies of conscience: surely a respectable array of vital topics. But the question whether the actual achievement equals the ambitious effort cannot be answered in the affirmative. Most of the books are of a nature to rouse a curious human interest rather than to produce an harmonious æsthetic effect. They are more documents than works of art, and it is significant that for the enjoyment which is derived from a well constructed and well told narrative one has to turn to writers not too closely identified with the modern movement.

One of the most remarkable works is "Die andere Seite," by Alfred Kubin (Munich: Georg Müller), the first novel of an artist whose illustrations for a volume of Poe recently gave evidence of striking individuality. His story of life on the other side of the wall which separates the world of reality from that of dreams is a *tour de force;* yet he adds illusion to the fabric of his exuberant fancy. His story of a journey to some remote corner of the world, where his mysterious hero rules over his heterogeneous people in a weird, hypnotic manner, is built up with remarkable consistency. The events occurring in the fictitious capital of that dream kingdom, which is appropriately placed in Asia, are touched with enough of realism to seem possible, even in a more tangible world; but they do not lack that touch of the incongruous which is an essential feature of dreams. The annihilation of the king's power by a clever American, and the destruction of the city by an earthquake, form the strong climax.

Karl Bleibtreu, the champion of the "Revolution der Literatur" twenty-five years ago, has become so completely estranged from the younger generation that he lets no opportunity pass to vent his wrath upon it. This seems to be the purpose of, and perhaps the sole excuse for, his new novel, "Die Vielzuvielen" (Georg Müller), in which he ridicules the Nietzschean proclivities of the time by dividing his people into "Vielzuviele" and supermen. The result is less than one has a right to expect from a book bearing the author's name on its title-page. The delineation of the characters lacks that touch of truthfulness and vitality which would make them portraits of real men and women. Yet some of his sidelights upon social and political conditions show that the author had the material for creating a convincing picture of life in certain circles of Berlin, had he chosen to do so.

Johannes Schlaf is slowly approaching a similarly dangerous attitude towards his time, and seems to see nothing in the life about him but its transient excrescences. In his new novel, "Am toten Punkt" (Georg Müller), he has returned to a psychopathic problem which he treated some years ago in "Der Kleine." The hero is a young college graduate, who serves as secretary to his uncle, a physician engaged upon a work similar to that of Krafft-Ebbing. The investigator sets out to substantiate his theories by personal observations and experiments upon the people about him. The youth becomes the object of his investigations, whose results are carefully recorded; the book closes with the youth's departure from the scene of his ordeal on the death of his mother. The character of the hero is drawn with great firmness, the only inconsistent stroke being his surrender to the fascination of the Baroness Hilsbach, who presides over a salon of intellectuals. The figure of the physician is slightly overdrawn, although exclusive devotion to any one subject of research that lies in the regions of the abnormal, is likely to foster idiosyncrasies of a morbid character.

Somehow the writers of Switzerland, though by no means lacking in understanding of modern problems, do hold aloof from their unhealthy manifestations. This is as true of Ernst Zahn and Maria Schlumpf as of Emil Ermatinger, who, for some years known as a writer on philological and literary topics, is now to be ranked as a promising newcomer in German fiction. There have been many novels of school and college life in its serious and even tragic phases, but none more thoughtful and few more wholesome in spirit than "Der Weg ins Leben" (Berlin: Egon Fleischel & Co.). The son of a widow earning her scanty living as a small shopkeeper in a little Swiss town with the typical population of well-meaning busybodies, is the hero of this story. The boy is destined for the theological career, and his struggles with a curriculum for which he is poorly fitted, the unsympathetic attitude of narrow-minded instructors, and the petty tyranny of a cruel guardian, furnish the incidents of the plot. Love, which looms so large above the horizon of average fiction, enters only as a secondary factor.

Ludwig Thoma, hitherto identified with the short story of Bavarian village life, has written his first novel, "Andreas Vost" (Munich: Albert Langen), and a story of unusual power it is. The rude but honest rustic, fighting bitterly and stubbornly for justice before the law, has been so effectively handled by Anzengruber and other German and Austrian writers, that it was no small task for the author to re-create and individualize the type. Thoma's sympathetic understanding of the Bavarian peasant and of rural conditions throughout the province never showed to better advantage than in this work.

Rudolf Herzog impressively portrays in his novel, "Hanseaten" (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co., New York), representatives of the old families of shipbuilders and shipowners in Hamburg, which form a sort of aristocracy within the bourgeoisie of the old Hansa town. He has created three distinct types of striking truthfulness and vitality. Karl Tersten, the stern man of duty, is the faithful guardian of the name and the fortune bequeathed to him by his respectable forebears. Theodor Bramberg is typical of a degeneracy which seals the fate of a race of hard workers whose strength is exhausted. Between these two the author has placed Vanheil, the man with a capacity for work and for joy, the exponent of a wholesome philosophy and art of living. There is a peculiar symmetry in the grouping of

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Herzog's characters, for the three wives stand in a similar relation to one another: Frau Angele Tersten, the fascinating Cuban beauty, light-headed and light-hearted and unscrupulous; Ingeborg Bramberg, a woman of rare intelligence and independence of character, forced into an early marriage; and the charming Frau Vanheil, an artist's daughter whose sunny disposition, no less than her tact and taste, make of her modest home a sanctuary of happiness.

The novel which bids fair to become the most successful book of the season is Gustav Frenssen's "Klaus Hinrich Baas" (Imported by Lemcke & Buechner, New York). It is likely, too, to give the author a higher and less disputed rank in German fiction than he has heretofore enjoyed. For while he has preserved in it all the qualities that made "Jörn Uhl" the most popular German novel of the last twenty-five years, he has outgrown some of the defects that marred the harmony of his earlier work. The new novel has the charming flavor of the native soil, the admirable simplicity of style and directness of speech that distinguished "Jörn Uhl," but it has little of its predecessor's prolixity. Nor does the author any longer force his radical views on religion and the sex problem upon his reader. In the greater part of the book, the hero's mother, unprepossessing in appearance, gruff of manner, but of unbending energy and sterling honesty, is the most conspicuous figure. There is no doubt that the strong woman who had brought out the best there was in Jan Baas proves also the main power that moulds the personality of his son; for the mother's doubts in his efficiency are a mighty spur to the ambition of Klaus Hinrich.

The development, from the little dreamer, who "saw things" whenever he closed his eyes in the obscurity of his bedroom, to the practical business man whose foresight, perseverance, and devotion save the old respectable firm of A. E. Eschen from bankruptcy, is a remarkably strong and consistent piece of work. Throughout his *Lehrjahre* as clerk, his military service, his experiences in India, and his work in a provincial banking-house, the individual Klaus Hinrich Baas is subconsciously fighting the Baas type; but with few digressions, he follows the direct line towards the goal he has set himself. Once only does the family susceptibility to pleasing sensuous impressions overrule his reason and cause him to drift into a by-way; but when the vague idealism and morbid sentimentalism of Martje opens the breach between them, he resumes his old course. With the dissolution of that ill-starred marriage and his return to Hamburg, Klaus Hinrich is himself once more and finally finds in Sanna Eschen the wife and companion he needs in the strenuous life before him. This is the outline of the plot, rich in incidents which are firmly knit into a narrative of absorbing interest. There are some delightful bits of description: the pictures of rural conditions on the Holstein heath, the glimpses of life under the tropical sun of India, the animated panorama of Hamburg's streets, are full of color and atmosphere. The character drawing is excellent; the members of the Baas household, as those of the Eschen family, and even characters of minor importance, stand out against their background in striking outlines. The story reflects the author's personality and wholesome philosophy with a more mature and refined art than his previous works, and is altogether a notable achievement.

A. VON ENDE.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES ON POE.—II.

Last week I called attention to a number of brief essays by Poe that have been overlooked by Poe's editors. In this second and final instalment of my article I wish to direct attention to some neglected versions of certain of the poems and tales.

Of these the most interesting are those to be found in the *Flag of Our Union* for 1849. This periodical, a weekly published at Boston, is, for 1849 at least, of little interest except as being the place of first publication of most of Poe's best productions during his final year. But this interest has been enhanced by the fact that files of the paper had eluded the search of all Poe's editors, except, perhaps, Griswold, who, however, makes no mention of it. The copy that has at last turned up is to be found in the Library of Congress, to which it came, I am credibly informed, through an exchange a few years back with one of the Boston libraries.

Poe's letters had made it clear that at least one of the tales ("Hop-Frog") and three of the poems ("A Valentine," "For Annie," and the sonnet "To My Mother") had appeared in the *Flag* in the spring or summer of 1849; but it was not clear in what numbers they had appeared. It now develops that "Hop-Frog" appeared in the issue of March 17, and that the poems appeared, respectively, on March 3, April 28, and July 7. It further develops that not only these, but five other of Poe's poems and tales appeared there, as follows: "A Dream within a Dream," March 31; "Von Kempelen and his Discovery," April 14; "Eldorado," April 21; "X-ing a Paragrab," May 12; and "Landor's Cottage," June 9. All of these are duly advertised as "By Edgar A. Poe," each of them is formally announced in the number immediately preceding that in which it appeared, and after the first or second of these announcements Poe is proudly proclaimed as "our regular contributor."

Of the nine tales and poems thus brought out in the *Flag of our Union*, only one, "A Dream within a Dream," had appeared previously (in the "Poems" of 1827, 1829, and 1831). One outcome, then, of the unearthing of a file of this paper is to reveal the place and the exact time of first publication of eight of Poe's poems and tales. Another is to establish the authenticity of "Eldorado." This had been doubted, and by no less an authority than the late W. M. Griswold (see Woodberry's "Life of Poe," II, 417). Still another gain is to acquit the elder Griswold of having coined the title, "A Dream within a Dream."

The text of Poe's publications in the *Flag* differs but little from the text of Griswold. In the tales, the only noteworthy variation that I detected in a hasty examination was an additional sentence at the end of "Landor's Cottage," in which Poe mentioned the possibility of bringing out a third number of the series to which this tale belongs. Of the poems, "For Annie" is farthest of all removed from Griswold, showing differences not only in phrase, but also in line-division and in the order of stanzas; but it will be remembered that Poe complained in a letter to Mrs. Richmond that the text of this poem had been garbled by the *Flag*, and gave this as his reason for having Willis publish a corrected copy in the *Home Journal*.* "A Valentine" also displays several variations—seven or eight in all. But "To My Mother" has only one variant reading—*sweet* instead of *dear* in the fifth line; and "Eldorado" and "A Dream within a Dream" differ in no respect from Griswold.

The other variants of the poems to which I desire to call attention are (1) an early draft of the sonnet "Silence" in *Burton's Gentleman's Magazine* for September, 1839; (2) a version of the sonnet "To Science" in *Graham's Magazine* for June, 1841, being prefixed there to "The Island of the Fay";† (3) a reprint of "Ulalume" in the *Literary World* of March 3, 1849 (see Poe's letters of February 16 and March 8, 1849, to E. A. Duyckinck, then one of the editors of the *Literary World*); and (4) a version of the sonnet "To My Mother" in "Leaflets of Memory" for 1850 (an annual edited by R. Coates and published at Philadelphia in the autumn of 1849).

Of these the reprint of "Ulalume" is least important, since it exhibits only one variation not found elsewhere—"till" for "until" in line 57. The versions of the sonnets "To Science" and "To My Mother," however, are of considerable interest, each of them displaying upwards of half a dozen unique readings. But more noteworthy still is the early version of "Silence." This differs radically from all subsequent forms of that sonnet, and should perhaps be accounted an independent poem. In view of this, and because it is not easily accessible in the magazine in which it appeared, I venture to present it here in its entirety:

There is a silence where hath been no sound,
  There is a silence where no sound may be,
  In the cold grave—under the deep, deep sea,
Or in wide desert where no life is found,
Which hath been mute, and still must sleep profound;
  No voice is hush'd—no life treads silently,
  But clouds and cloudy shadows wander free,
That never spoke—over the idle ground;
But in green ruins, in the desolate walls
  Of antique palaces, where Man hath been,
Though the dun fox, or wild hyena, calls,

*It is open to question, however, whether Poe's explanation is to be accepted, since the poem was published under the same date in both periodicals—April 28, 1849.

†This was published in the "Virginia Poe" in connection with the variant readings of "The Island of the Fay" (IV, 307), but was overlooked by both Professor Harrison and Professor Woodberry in their bibliographies and in their lists of variant readings for the poems.

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And owls that flit continually between,
Shriek to the echo, and the low winds moan,
There the true Silence is, self-conscious and alone.

Comparison of these lines with "Silence" as we know it in the collective editions of Poe makes obvious the difference between the two: they treat their subject differently, and they possess nothing in common in phrasing. It is in this difference, perhaps, that we are to seek an explanation of the neglect that has been visited upon the earlier version. For in all that has been written about Poe I can discover only one allusion to it—that of Professor Woodberry in the first edition of his life of Poe (p. 115), where he mentions a sonnet, in *Burton's* for 1839, "conjecturally [Poe's], although never afterwards acknowledged"; and even this bare mention Professor Woodberry omits in the revised edition of his work. But the poem is surely Poe's. It is true that it was signed merely by the initial "P."; but so, too, were Poe's "Fairyland" and the lines "To the River ————" in *Burton's* for the preceding month; and so also was the later and perfected "Silence" as republished in the *Broadway Journal* in 1845. Moreover, appearing as it did in *Burton's* while Poe was one of its editors and after he had published there other things signed in the same way, I cannot help feeling that Poe, if the lines were not his, would somehow have made it clear that they were not—as he did with more than one thing wrongly attributed to him. Finally, it is not difficult to discover in this early draft a parallelism in substance with several other things by Poe, notably his "Spirits of the Dead" and "The Valley of Unrest" and the prose essay "Silence—A Fable."

KILLIS CAMPBELL.

The University of Texas.

Correspondence.

THE PARTY SYSTEM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The misfortune that has befallen the Democratic party of late years in national elections, depriving it of control of the three departments of our government, has been attributed to various causes, but one cause which may be vital is in danger of being overlooked. That is the fact that the party has been making itself the mouthpiece of demands for particular acts of legislation, abandoning thereby its proper position as one of the two great political parties by means of which the government of this country is carried on.

In the countries of Continental Europe government by party has not developed along the same lines as it has in England and the United States. Political parties are numerous in those countries, and each represents demands for some particular legislation, or it may even be a demand for the establishment of a particular family or person in place of the established government. To secure a working majority for the ministry a *bloc* is necessary. This is formed by two or more parties, which are willing to sink individual differences for the purpose of achieving certain general results in which they are all interested. The *bloc* takes in a manner, and for a time, the place of one of our two major parties, the one in power. And this sinking of individual differences is the only way to accomplish general results in politics. In England and the United States, however, for reasons which it is unnecessary to discuss here, the electorate has divided itself into two bodies, based upon a fundamental difference in human nature, one party being broadly the party of Personal Rights, the other that of Order.

From its organization the Democratic party has upheld principles which it has believed favor the liberty of the individual, even at the expense of governmental efficiency; the other party seeks to attain the object of government by strengthening the arm of the Administration, even at the sacrifice of some individual liberty. Each party appealed to those voters who favored one set of principles as compared with the other, and this divided the voters into two practically even parties. Of late years, however, the Democratic party has abandoned its position as the representative of principles with which the difference in human nature endows half the world, in its advocacy of particular acts of legislation, thereby taking a new position, which necessarily appeals to a smaller number of persons. It no longer represents the party of Personal Rights as opposed to the party of Order, but by limiting its support of individual liberty to certain specific tenets it has effected a displacement of the line separating the two parties. Had these demands and promises for particular legislation been presented merely as subordinate features of the party's platform; had they been so treated by the candidates, the orators and the newspapers of the party; had the main appeal of the party been made on the strength of its general principles, and had these special demands and promises been presented as incidental to those general principles, instead of making the acceptance of these particular tenets a shibboleth to good standing in the party, then the Democratic party would have continued to be a true political party. It would also have been in a position to accomplish more in furtherance of its principles than, with what superficially appears to be greater effort, it has accomplished.

The Republican party does not fall into this error of depending upon promises of particular legislation instead of general principles, and it has certainly accomplished more in the way of progressive legislation than its rival. That party means to the public a general tendency in favor of certain things, and it wins its victories by reason of the general appeal it thereby makes. Nor did it come into power because it advocated the abolition of slavery. It represented one of the broad tendencies of politics, of which demands for repression of slavery and polygamy in the Territories by the national government; national homestead laws, internal improvements to be made by the national government, a protective tariff, and opposition to disunion were typical manifestations. The Abolitionists and Freesoilers accomplished their purposes through the success of the Republican party, which by representing a general tendency was able to become a majority party, and accomplish what the propagandist parties had not been able to obtain for themselves.

WM. P. MALBURN.

Denver, Col., December 20.

AVIATION IN 1783.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Though it has perhaps occurred to many of us that the present is only the second of two periods of intense interest in the problem of aerial navigation, we do not all remember, perhaps, that the earlier period was for several reasons one of much greater excitement. When Etienne and Joseph Montgolfier, on June 5, 1783, filled a linen bag with hot air from a straw fire, and sent it into the air to a height of a mile and a half, and when, in November of the same year, M. François Pilâtre de Rozier and the Marquis d'Arlandes made an ascension from the Bois de Boulogne, remained in the air half an hour, and came down uninjured, a new path was opened for human travel; and as the difficulties which caused invention in that direction to languish for a century were not at first evident, at least to the lay mind, speculation as to the possibilities of aerial travel had in 1783 all the scope of ours and more of novelty.

The recent International Exposition of Aerial Locomotion, held at the Grand Palais, in Paris, had a section devoted to reminders of the earlier period, and their number and variety attest an enthusiastic interest in the wonderful new discovery that must have thrown all other preoccupations into the background, even at that troubled time.

There was, first, a model of the Montgolfier balloon. Then, in a corner by itself, the remarkable Tissandier collection. I translate from M. J. Saint-Alban, who writes of the exposition in a recent number of *Les Annales Politiques et Littéraires:*

After the first experiments of the Montgolfiers, of the Robert brothers (December, 1783), and Pilâtre de Rozier (see above), the *globe volant* became the most fashionable of all emblems. Everything was *au globe;* gloves, handkerchiefs, clothing. Artists and artisans taxed their ingenuity and their imaginations. Seamstresses embroidered nothing but balloons, manufacturers of woven stuffs and print goods demanded aerostatic patterns and nothing else. Dealers in bibelots exposed to the public gaze only creations *au globe volant,* and the cabinet-makers were not slow in joining the procession. This movement of industrial art lasted for several years. Interrupted by the Revolution, it appears again with the Directory, in the ascensions of Mme. Blanchard (her last attempt resulted in her death, June, 1819), of Mlle. Gamenin and of her brothers.

It, of course, gives pleasure to a young dandy who is interested in aviation, to wear a balloon as an ornament, to cover his head with a round hat—*chapeau au ballon;* of course, a lady of fashion appreciates a handkerchief and a pair of gloves embroidered with balloons; of course, she enjoys reading on her fan quatrains composed in honor of the heroes of the air, or seeing on it a representation of Pilâte de Rozier in the act of falling on the French coast.

But it is still greater pleasure to lie down in a bed sculptured in the form of a balloon-basket and adorned with attributes of aerial navigation; to read the hour from a watch in the shape of a globe, whose balance-wheel carries little aeronauts in their baskets.

And even this does not satisfy our snobs. They insist on sitting in an arm-chair of which the wood as well as the upholstering speaks of aviation; on eating from plates which repeat the triumphs of the first conquerors of the air; on dipping their goose-quills into an ink-well in the form of a balloon. . . .

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It is true that the aviators are influencing the modern art of the bibelot—are we not told that one of our prominent journalists wears shirts with a figure representing aeroplanes? But this craze is mild, compared with that revealed to us by the curious collection I am discussing.

It may be added that M. Gaston Tissandier, whose collection is thus furnishing the most eloquent commentary possible on the hopes which France conceived from the success of Etienne Montgolfier, is a brilliant French scientist who has himself invented a dirigible, and who is an authority on the subject of aeronautics.

ROY TEMPLE HOUSE.

Weatherford, Okla., December 16.

PHILOLOGY AND CRITICISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It has been borne home to us pretty often of late that philology is no better than she ought to be. It was becoming clear that philologists were a sorry lot. But now it appears (see the *Nation* of December 16) that all this is a mistake. Philology is really a gay science, so gay as to be hardly more than the playground of romancers. With this settled, there is nothing for the strictly practical-minded but to turn to the workshops of the critics. Here the bright tools of epigram, paradox, and trope are in ceaseless play: obviously things are being done. The very fertility of criticism can bring but shame upon the poor philologist with his occasional article and his unprofitable dalliance with Paul's "Grundriss" and Professor Sievers. Without question he has wasted his time—a sad certitude which is only emphasized when he passes from the critic's shop to the gay bazaars where the critic's wares are displayed. Here is the meed for cultivating that turn for style which cuts so clean and so often to the very heart of the matter. Why, tren, bury one's talents in the proceedings of learned societies?

But one must not suppose that the scholar's romantic life is a life of unreproved pleasures free. On the contrary, it is encompassed by innumerable fears. To-day's victory may be to-morrow's disaster. A new manuscript may quickly upset the most carefully managed argument and turn joy to grieving. Clearly the game has its hazards. Worst of all, the scholar can never forget that facts are relentless; sooner or later they will out. Do what he will to escape, he is always within their danger and too often discomfited by them. How, then, can he ever know the sweet securities of criticism? How can he ever attain to that serene intelligence and bland confidence which led a distinguished living critic to give chapter and verse for the high-water mark of English prose? You may say, if you dare, "Tide is not quite high there, Professor Saintsbury." But you should see that the professor's position is unassailable. If you threaten him, he will only ridicule you from behind the shining ramparts of his style. Was it not Swinburne who said with impunity that Musset's poems were but "decoctions of watered Byronism"? Not that criticism has not its passages at arms. Mr. James, for instance, did not in the least approve that phrase of Swinburne's. And how often have we heard that Dickens's characters both are and are not caricatures. But there is no danger here; these are gentlemanly differences, which work no harm.

H. S. V. JONES.

Urbana, Ill., December 18.

COLLEGE ENGLISH AND A PROPOSED REMEDY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: We have lately heard much of the difficulties of teaching English in our colleges. In my opinion the chief difficulty is that the student of composition has nothing to say, no meaning to express. His exercises in composition are purely for the sake of expression. His problem is then, not to find an expression for his meaning, but a meaning for his expression; and meanings, of course, are born, and not made. There is thus an absence of the fundamental condition of good writing—which is to have something you wish to say—and also of a basis for the most stimulating and effective criticism; for it is rather useless to accuse a student of failing to express his meaning when his meaning is of no consequence.

Now there are many occasions within the range of the college curriculum when the student's meaning is genuine and unforced—when, for example, he answers a question in examination or writes an essay to test his knowledge of some special subject. Here he has a spontaneous motive for expression, and for making his meaning clear. And just here are his deficiencies in language most obvious and exasperating. Instructors are apt to encourage these deficiencies by telling the student that in examinations matter is everything and style nothing. It is, however, out of the question for an instructor in history or physics or philosophy to give more than a passing attention to expression. Why should not the department of composition utilize these examination papers and essays as a basis for its work? Why should the student be called upon to invent meanings when he already has meanings badly expressed? to write fiction when he is unable to state a fact? Examination papers in particular are necessarily written in more or less hurry and confusion. Just for that reason they should furnish an excellent basis for practice in careful writing; for there is no more profitable exercise for the practical or for the artistic ends of composition, than to take something you have already tried to say, and said badly, and say it again so as perfectly to express what you mean.

W. F.

Bloomington, Ind., December 21.

EARLY REFERENCES TO ROBIN HOOD AND LITTLE JOHN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The recent publication of an elaborate and valuable study of "The Gest of Robin Hood" (by Dr. W. H. Clawson, University of Toronto Studies, Philological Series, October, 1909) makes pertinent this note, in which I present the earliest reference to the name Little John, and the second earliest reference in poetry to the Robin Hood ballads. Neither was known, I believe, to Professor Child, or has ever been called to the attention of scholars.

In the tallage made towards the fine to the Lord Abbot, for the Feasts of Easter and St. Michael in the first year of the reign of King Edward "after the Conquest the Third," on Friday after the said Feast of St. Michael, and for other business of the village of Faversham in the time of Robert le Hert, Mayor of the same, there occur these names, among others, under the heading *Portatrices* (the gender being accounted for by the fact that the first two mentioned are women).

Petyt Johan (paying 6 pence).
Lytyl Johan (paying 4 pence).

Portatrices is to be rendered carriers or carters, and we may, therefore, presume that here, as in Little John's case, the name was given ironically. The document is described in the Hist. MSS. Commission, appendix to VI Report, p. 505.

The Robin Hood passage, which is only antedated by the famous passage in "Piers the Plowman," occurs in a MS., of the first half of the fifteenth century, of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales." The MS. belongs to the Royal College of Physicians, in London. On folio 258A the copyist (or an earlier one) altered Chaucer's lines in "The Tale of Sir Thopas" so as to read:

Men speken Romaunces of price,
Of hornchield and Ipotice,
Of Robynhoode and goode ser Guy.

This substitution of Robin for Bevis of Hampton indicates little as to the scribe's respect for the Gest, or the ballads; but it is impossible not to believe that he appreciated Chaucer's satire keenly; for in many places in the MS. opposite Chaucer's best jokes, he notes on the margin: *Nota, nota optime!*

HENRY NOBLE MACCRACKEN.

Yale University, December 22.

Literature.

MR. BROWNELL ON AMERICAN PROSE.

American Prose Masters. By W. C. Brownell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

Those who have had the pleasure of reading Mr. Brownell's stimulating studies of the "Victorian Prose Masters" need only be assured that this volume is in no way inferior to its predecessor. The praise is high, for its author is one of the few American writers to whom literary criticism is a matter of profession, of conscience, and of art. He sets to work adroitly; he exacts of himself a rigorous candor; his report is definite, perspicuous, symmetrical. In an unusual degree—we shall use the ancient phrase reluctantly but necessarily—he has the defects of admirable qualities.

His method is almost inflexibly systematic—for example, he subjects Cooper, Hawthorne, Emerson, Poe, Lowell, and Henry James to substantially identical tests for substance, philosophy, culture, and style. He does not, as has been said of Sainte-Beuve, draw all men six feet tall; he thinks, however, that all

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who are less than six feet are something less than men. Consequently, he is able to say of Poe: "As literature his writings are essentially valueless"—though he regards Poe as the "one absolute artist of our elder literature." However wholesome as an antidote for the excesses of the Poe idolaters, this is establishing standards with a vengeance.

His point of view is studiously impersonal. It may be suggested by his own subtly phrased comment on French social intercourse in "French Traits": "The speech and action of each communicant encounter those of the other without in any degree involving either individuality behind them." The withdrawal of the critic behind his standards is in the case of Mr. Brownell almost complete. He scorns the reader who judges with his nerves. He himself is unwilling to judge even with his character. He is all but successful—far more successful than his admired Arnold—in producing the illusion that he is representing "things as they really are." Like many writers of fiction who have aimed at a philosophically impossible "objectivity," he has sacrificed something of force and vitality.

Furthermore, the unmistakable man—New Yorker, cosmopolitan, rationalist, Horatian—peers here and there over the edge of his entrenchments. He is visible behind the sharp thrust at New England as the "incubus of our civilization," and at the self-complacency of her literary historians, particularly Professor Wendell, who "tucks" American literature "into the confines of Harvard College." He is visible again in the reminder to Professor Lounsbury, apropos of Cooper's heroines, that "in the quiet scholastic closes of New Haven no doubt they like a little more ginger, 'in fiction at least,' than palates more accustomed to it demand." Though these vivacities are exceptional and incidental, they are significant, breaking as they do the suave decorum generally maintained. They help us to understand the unaccustomed warmth of Mr. Brownell's appreciation of Cooper, who was not bred by the frog pond of Boston Common. They throw some light upon his resolute depreciation of Hawthorne, who, he says, is lacking in substance, and is seldom re-read.

His style is an effective instrument for what he regards as the business of the critic—characterization. Disciplined, pondered, slightly hesitant, its virtues are not those of Thackeray, whose prose he extremely admires, but rather those of Henry James, whose complexities he deprecates. It aims not at fluency and directness, but at the last degree of expressiveness. It is both ample and precise, but it is somewhat deficient in color and tang. Its movement is checked by a fastidious concern for shading. Its vocabulary is select, psychological, Latinate—the style of a man who picks his way gingerly through the dictionary, abhorring carnal odors and the touch of the agricultural implement. Henry James, for example, he says, has

> clearly preliminarily mastered his complicated theme in its centrality. . . . His work, he seems to say, is done when he has constructed his labyrinth in emulating correspondence with the complexity of his model, life, and at the same time furnished a potentially discoverable clue to it.

If we dwell at some length upon Mr. Brownell's procedure, it is because he himself keeps us constantly reminded that criticism is a fine art. Irritating as his air of premeditation may become, it is the comment of a consciously exigent and accomplished connoisseur upon a genial improviser that makes his study of Lowell not merely entertaining, but finely instructive, and, in its way, definitive. Though he dissents with refreshing spirit from the recent depreciation of Lowell's scholarship as "not up to current standards"—praying that *belles-lettres*, at least, may "hold out a little longer before it is transformed into scientific feudalism or declines in Byzantine decadence"—he does find the man essentially of the dilettante temperament. His definition of this variable term and his application of it are worth recording:

> He was a dilettante of an original type in being so thoroughly American. He had the disinterested delight in the delectable that characterizes the dilettante as distinguished from the artist, to whom the delectable is material. His singularity—as a dilettante, not as an American—consists in his being attracted by the elementary quite as much as by the differentiated.

This clearly defined central conception Mr. Brownell—who is much attracted by the differentiated and scarcely at all by the elementary—elaborates through sixty pages. The quality of Lowell's temperament appears in his culture; though he reads with the industry of a Chinese scholar, he always follows his natural bent, and so fails of an adequate discipline. It appears in his criticism; for example, he immensely admires Dante and knows everything about him, "but he does not communicate because he does not express his general conception of Dante, and he does not because he has not himself, one feels sure, thought it out into definition." It appears in his style; it is praised for its brilliant and felicitous detail, but "its defect is that it *is* detail, and so accentuated as to nullify the *ensemble*, on which style inexorably depends." Preferring rather to read than to think, to color than to design, to decorate than to construct, he falls short through temperamental indolence of the great architects of prose—of the great critics. The key to criticism is as simple as the key to success: "Criticism is not the product of reading, but of thought. To produce vital and useful criticism it is necessary to think, think, think, and then, when tired of thinking, to think more." Thus Mr. Brownell, conspicuously exemplifying his own principles, maintains a masterly unity in variety; he attacks truth from every point of the compass, but his arrows all fly to the same mark; his own detail, frequently polished to brilliance, is not idly ornamental but organic, like links in chain armor. The workmanship in general is so admirable, the principles so explicit, so sound, so classical, that the essay might well serve both as a model of criticism and as a brief manual of critical theory.

What we miss in the equipment of this "impeccable Aristides" of criticism—to adapt one of his own phrases—is perhaps a power that is, after all, extra-critical. It is the power to convey along with his acute judgments of men and things the ardor of the scholar of whom Giuseppe Caponsacchi speaks—the scholar lost in his books, who yet knows that life is greater than all the books ever written, and who, while he reads, dreams, "Thus should I fight, save, or rule the world." Mr. Brownell probably has no desire either to fight or to rule the world. We doubt even whether he would care to save it, if it had to be preserved *en masse*. Yet in the refinable remnant he feels a temperate interest, and points out, though with marked freedom from demonstrativeness, the way of salvation, through culture. One feels tempted to apply to him his penetrating remark on Emerson in the most deeply sympathetic of these studies:

> His feelings really glowed, one may say, within extraordinarily narrow limits. When he could exercise his *Vernunft* in complete neglect of his *Verstand*, he reached the acme of his exaltation.

But the application would be unjust. Indeed, he is bent on showing how Emerson himself became an apostle of culture in spite of his disdain for culture, and a kind of divine democrat in spite of—or rather because of—his hatred of the mob and his shrinking from the vulgar:

> If his emotional nature lacked warmth, what eminently it possessed was an exquisite refinement, and a constituent of his refinement was an instinctive antipathy to ideas of dominance, dictation, patronage, caste, and material superiority whose essential grossness repelled him and whose ultimate origin in contemptuousness—probably the one moral state except cravenness that chiefly he deemed contemptible—was plain enough to his penetration.

This is paradox put to some purpose. From it is deduced one of Emerson's greatest services both to America and to the rest of the world, a service, as Mr. Brownell says, subtly rendered, "be-

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ing, in fact, rather an implication of his writings than anywhere explicit in them—*the rationalization of democracy through the ideal development of the individual.*" It would be impossible to put in more concise form the integrating principle of Mr. Brownell's own thinking: it is the democratic justification of Brahminism. What distinguishes his Brahminism is its intensely intellectual and rational quality; it outcasts all emotions situated lower than the head. But in the "positive perfume of sensitive intellectual refinement" it becomes almost—not quite—intoxicated. If in its survey of literature, British as well as American, it undervalues the elemental, the spontaneous, the old-fashioned "spiritual," these virtues have already had their enthusiastic appraisers, and perhaps may generally be trusted to look out for themselves, anyway. If it sets a very high price on pure intelligence, self-conscious refinement, and the new-fangled "reality," there is an idea affixed to every estimate, which compels the reader either to defend or to abandon his prejudices. If it frequently points to an unattainable excellence, we can—as Carlyle reluctantly admitted to Emerson after expressing some regret that the Concord sage was not doing precisely what he himself was doing—we can "spare a man for that, too."

CURRENT FICTION.

The Ball and the Cross. By G. K. Chesterton. New York: John Lane Co.

It has long filled Mr. Chesterton with fiery indignation that the devil should have all the good music, art, and literature. If a mediæval juggler could stand on his head in honor of the Virgin, if Luther could smoke tobacco to the glory of God, he can see no reason why a twentieth-century journalist with a command of epigram and paradox should not write a rollicking allegorical romance in defence of the Cross. And that is why the crash of glass in the office-window of the atheistical Turnbull is the challenge to a series of duels—with long swords out of a curiosity shop—between him and the Roman Catholic Highlander MacIan—a series of duels which carries the participants hotfoot all over England, and the reader, not quite so rapidly, through a book of four hundred pages. In the course of their fighting flight, the duellists fall in with a number of more or less realistic symbolical personages—a Nietzschean, a Tolstoyan, a French rationalist, etc.—who, according to their several dispositions, further or hinder the combats for the vindication of the honor of God. In the end the atheist, the Catholic, and most of their abettors are rounded up in the mad-house; the mad-house is fired, and the devil, its superintendent, escapes in an airship; and the swords of Turnbull and MacIan form a cross in the ashes.

The burden with which this romance is freighted is that unbelief is madness. Turnbull and MacIan are the only sane men in England. Turnbull is sane, because he believes that God does not exist; he is eager to fight for his faith—therefore his author respects him. MacIan is sane, because he believes that God does exist; he is eager to fight for his faith—therefore his author loves him. It is perhaps the most interesting aspect of this book that a Roman Catholic is its hero. In Evan MacIan, Chesterton is manifestly drawing his own idealized portrait, and he does it in his happiest manner:

> Evan lived like a man walking on a borderland, the borderland between this world and another. Like so many men and nations who grow up with nature and the common things, he understood the supernatural before he understood the natural. He had looked at dim angels standing knee-deep in the grass before he had looked at the grass. He knew that Our Lady's robes were blue before he knew the wild roses round her feet were red. The deeper his memory plunged into the dark house of childhood the nearer and nearer he came to the things that cannot be named. All through his life he thought of the daylight world as a sort of divine débris, the broken remainder of his first vision.

That is effective writing. Yet Mr. Chesterton had said the thing quite as finely in "Orthodoxy"—"according to Christianity, *we were indeed the survivors of a wreck, the crew of a golden ship that had gone down before the beginning of the world.*" And not merely this, but most of the best things in the later were anticipated to some extent in the earlier book. It is not necessary to explain the sometimes obscure symbolism of the "Ball and the Cross," for the reason that "Orthodoxy" explains it. Mr. Chesterton wrote his annotations before he composed his text. He made a key and then constructed a lock to fit the key. For example, "The spike of dogma fitted exactly into the hole in the world" ("Orthodoxy") is the only thing that makes intelligible to us the exclamation of the idiot monk in his cell ("Ball and the Cross"), "Spike is the best—it sticks out." This reversal of the customary process suggests the limits of the author's success in this field of fiction. Fine phrases, paradoxes, happy metaphors, even long chains of argument burst into his mind spontaneously in a flood of light. But he sustains his narrative and his allegory by sheer force of will and intelligence. His logical processes are inspired; his romance is excogitated. It is necessary only to compare the exquisitely veiled malice of Anatole France's little masterpiece, "Putois," with Chesterton's brutal English reformation of it to feel how unequally the men are matched with this kind of weapon. And yet can all French literature supply a sentence quite so satisfactory in its way to the Anglo-Saxon spirit as this?—it is, if we may be permitted the figure, the Sancho Panza half of Chesterton in a nutshell: "Everything his eye fell on it feasted on, not æsthetically," (there is a thunderbolt between the commas), "but with a plain, jolly appetite as of a boy eating buns"!

The Beggar in the Heart. By Edith Rickert. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

The Heart belongs to Miss Tyrrhena Sidonia Pickersgill, daughter of an American parson. She goes abroad to study art, and in Paris acquires the nickname "Petty-Zou." There and in London she spends a good many more years than there is any reason for, making little statuettes for an uncertain pittance, and dodging the altogether proper and desirable advances of the naturally-to-be-expected lord-in-the-case. She is, in short, one of those sprightly, youngish heroines in whom the modern feminine audience so much rejoices. Her little audacities and rebellions, her pouts and subterfuges, will have their appeal for those who admire the "bachelor maid." In fiction, at least, the charm of that young person depends on the ultimate triumph of her femininity over her theory of independence and equality. "Petty-Zou" is, perhaps, too consciously bedizened with prettinesses greatly to please any other than her own doll-loving sex. Of course, in the end the beggar in her heart gets what it wants in the person of the lord in question; and matters are made altogether comfortable by the discovery that "Petty-Zou" is a near descendant of the Earl of Uxminster, a perfectly eligible old rascal. The marrying lord is better than the average woman's hero: at all events, he is no pale shade of Rochester. But it is to be doubted if many men are able to read the book without irritation at the aimless sprightliness with which many of its pages are filled.

The Sinking Ship. By Eva Lathbury. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

The writer has endeavored in this story to accomplish a very difficult feat—endeavored with an intensity of effort that results in occasional crudity and bathos, but that achieves its result to a praiseworthy degree. The theme of the regeneration of a worldly group by the introduction among them of a being of higher fibre has been treated with varying degrees of beauty and success by the obvious methods of the Morality. In the present instance, this theme has been approached more subtly, the intention being to present it, not in a symbolic masque, but by means of a cross-section of the actual world of every-day. It is a more exacting business to deal

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with wayward human beings than with clearly labelled abstractions, but those who essay it have their reward, and while "The Sinking Ship" falls far short of the dramatic power of "The Servant in the House" and the quaint sweetness of the "Third Floor Back," it has the strength of reality. The setting is entirely in the atmosphere of the stage, and the regenerative force that revolutionizes life for the player-folk concerned is the daughter of the star. The mysterious influence of this young girl is due wholly to the fact that the Christ of the Gospels is the constant master of her mental house, and His spirit and teachings are the mainspring of her universe. Her simple and vital faith gradually convinces those who surround her, her mother being the last to surrender.

The opportunities for weakness in the presentation of such a story are many, and the writer has availed herself of them to an unfortunate extent, especially in the portrayal of the mother, who is too much the conventional siren of the *coulisses*, and the young playwright, who is represented as a consequential weakling; but, in the character of Sibyl, she has been inspired by her subject, and has transmitted at moments the girl's atmosphere of quiet strength.

The Backwoodsmen. By Charles G. D. Roberts. New York: The Macmillan Co.

All but one of these tales include animals among the *dramatis personæ*, but all of them have their human figures; from which it will be seen that Mr. Roberts has entered upon a new vein which ought to yield magazinable stories indefinitely. After all, animal biography, however imaginative, has its limitations. What with Mr. Roberts and Mr. Thompson Seton and Mr. Long and their host of imitators, we seem to have had pretty much all the profitable changes rung upon the every-day experiences of the bear and the lynx and the muskrat and the beaver and the other "kindreds of the wild," as Mr. Roberts is fond of calling them. But begin to combine them, singly or in groups, with the manifold varieties of the human genus, and you have evidently provided for an indefinite extension of the game. It must be said that Mr. Roberts's critters are better than his humans—more "convincing," that is, as individuals. The men in "MacPhairrson's Happy Family," for example, are types, not persons. Mr. Roberts manipulates them cleverly enough, but they have no motion of their own. "Red McWha's" conversion from brute to seraph is a fiction stranger than truth. Mrs. Gammit and her sporting adventures are incompetently farcical; and little Melindy, who with her little hatchet is too much for lynxes and bears in the open, is incompetently melodramatic. The best thing in the volume is the description of a fight between a mink and a raccoon—or so it seems. Can this be because the reader does not know the difference between a mink and a raccoon, and does know the difference between a human being and a story-teller's mannikin?

GENERAL SHERMAN.

Home Letters of General Sherman. Edited by M. A. De Wolfe Howe. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2 net.

It is long since the biographical side of American history has received such enrichment as is furnished by this volume. Readers of the "Memoirs" and the "Sherman Letters" will not, of course, look to the present selection of personal correspondence for large substantive additions to our knowledge of Sherman's public career, though of informing supplementary data there is no lack. Neither does Mr. Howe open for us that inner sanctuary of personal and family life which, notwithstanding its mortal fascination for many a modern biographer, is best kept sealed. What we have, instead, is a picture of Sherman the man: ambitious, energetic, resourceful; chafing often at his limitations, and resenting hostile criticism and misrepresentation, yet faithful to his duty and his friends; keenly observant, tender-hearted, affectionate, and modest. With comparatively few exceptions, the letters are addressed to his wife, to whom, from the beginning of the acquaintance which resulted in marriage, he opened his heart and his career without restraint.

How Sherman found time, amid the engrossments of a busy life, to write so much, is less of a wonder than that he could write so well. These letters have a literary distinction which entitles them, quite aside from the prominence of their author, to high regard. He possessed, in a notable degree, the power of description. The life of a cadet at West Point, a social function at St. Louis or New Orleans, a Spanish play in California, a storm at sea, or a battle, is sketched with equal facility. He shows, too, a dramatic effectiveness unsurpassed by any of his military contemporaries whose letters have been made public. Only after the civil war, when he was less often separated from his wife for long periods, do the letters become brief and rather matter-of-fact notes. Even then they remain essentially intimate and detailed.

Sherman frankly loved a military career. In 1842, with as yet no experience beyond the routine duties of an officer in time of peace, he resisted stoutly the suggestion that he should retire from the army, feeling sure that the time was approaching when a soldier would have an opportunity to distinguish himself. Although he was, during the Mexican War, depressed at the unimportance of his California service, he nevertheless accepted it as part of the necessary preparation for more responsible command. His later short experience as a lawyer and business man, the latter of some importance and distinctly creditable, only confirmed him in his judgment that civil life was not for him; nor did he, in the subsequent period of his greatness, look with favor on the suggestion of a Presidential candidacy. "I would receive a sentence to be hung and damned," he wrote in October, 1864, "with infinitely more composure."

Impressions of men and events, together with speculations as to the future, are set down freely in these letters. He had a poor opinion of Frémont's volunteers, and deprecated the unstinted praise of Frémont by Polk and Marcy. Of Stockton, the "Sailor General Grandioso," he wrote: "He is a great blatherskite, talks too much and does too little." His keen perception of the public opinion of the enemy, conspicuously shown throughout the civil war, appears in his California experiences. In May, 1847, he wrote that, while "no one here now dreams of a retrocession to Mexico, all admit that these Guachos or Rancheros are not afraid of us, and if encouraged from Mexico would try again the chances of war, more for the fun of the fight than with any ultimate design of securing their own independence." Naturally, he was not averse to territorial expansion, writing from New Orleans in November, 1852, where "Cuba is all the go," that "if Cuba can be got fairly, it will be a beautiful state, and I would not object to a station at the Havannah as commissary." Only once does his judgment seem to have gone entirely astray, and that was in 1859, when he wrote: "I have with you my doubts about Kansas. It has not the elements of permanent prosperity—a hard climate, neither one thing or other, poor timber, stone, no fuel, and no prospect of manufactures."

Late in 1859 he went to Louisiana to assume the direction of a new military school. As a schoolmaster he had his full share of trouble with turbulent pupils, but from the outset he quelled disturbances with a firm hand, and contrived to keep on good terms with the politicians. He knew the South well from previous military service at Mobile, Charleston, and New Orleans; and he felt, both then and afterwards, no confidence in the capacity of the negro for citizenship. He was loath to believe that secession would become an accomplished fact, though he wrote repeatedly that, if it did, he would side with the North. His military judgment taught him that, in the event of war, the great struggle would be for the control of the Mississippi, and that the South, destitute of a navy, would be unable to raise a blockade without the assistance of England—an assistance

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which he was certain would never be received.

Sherman's part in the civil war has been so fully exhibited elsewhere that his accounts of military operations in the present letters, though exceedingly interesting, must be passed over. He felt from the first that it would be a long war, and had little patience with Lincoln's cautious policy and the halting steps of Congress. Of the volunteers allotted to him he had a poor opinion, complaining bitterly of their lawless plundering, their insubordination, and their insistence upon leaving the service the instant their term of enlistment expired. "No Goths or Vandals," he wrote after the first battle of Bull Run, "ever had less respect for the lives and property of friends and foes, and henceforth we ought never to hope for any friends in Virginia." His bitterest reproaches, however, are reserved for the Northern press. This he repeatedly charges with responsibility for bringing on the war; and he complains that its detailed accounts of military operations and plans hindered every movement of the Union forces at the same time that they kept the enemy fully informed. "I will never again command an army in America," he wrote in 1863, "if we must carry along paid spies. . . . I shall notify Mr. Lincoln of this if he attempts to interfere with the sentence of any court ordered by me." Naturally tenderhearted and considerate, he could nevertheless yield to military necessity, as he understood it, and sacrifice men and desolate the country without a qualm; yet he retained throughout the war a kindly feeling for the South, wondered that people should think him a monster and try to kill him, and opposed the enlistment of negroes largely because of its irritating effect upon the Southern whites.

Sherman bore the inevitable lionizing of his later career with mixed modesty and restlessness; but he found no pleasure in public functions, and avoided them when possible. His amusing account of his sufferings at the dedication of the Burnside monument in Providence will strike a sympathetic chord in many an official bosom. For the Republican policy in reconstruction he could not feel approval. "The negroes don't want to vote," he wrote from his camp opposite Richmond in May, 1865. "They want to work and enjoy property, and they are no friends of the negro who seek to complicate him with new prejudices." The sober judgment of the historian must approve the judgment of the great commander, who, writing in February, 1868, after the breach between Johnson and Stanton, summed up his hopes and desires in these words: "I do want peace, and do say if all hands would stop talking, and writing, and let the sun shine, and the rains fall for two or three years, we would be nearer reconstruction than we are likely to be with the three and four hundred statesmen trying to legislate amid the prejudices begotten for four centuries."

The editorial work has been done with intelligence and discretion. A brief connecting narrative binds the letters together wherever necessary, omissions are carefully marked, and names or allusions in the text are identified or explained. There is a good reproduction of the Saint-Gaudens bust by way of frontispiece, and a full index. The date 1904 as the year of the publication of the "Sherman Letters" (page 1) is obviously a misprint for 1894.

The Catholic Encyclopedia: An International Work of Reference, on the Constitution, Doctrine, Discipline, and History of the Catholic Church. Edited by Charles G. Herbermann and others. In fifteen volumes. Vol. VI. New York: Robert Appleton Co.

The successive volumes of this great work appear with unfailing regularity. The sixth volume, as it happens, is unusually rich in important articles. It opens with an elaborate discussion of Fathers of the Church, which contains a very useful bibliography and is particularly interesting for the careful definition of the phrase as understood by Catholics. The articles on France and Germany, dealing with their history and literature, with especial reference to the influence of religion and the church, fill respectively thirty-nine and forty-four pages, and are exceedingly valuable. The account in the former article of the recent separation of Church and State in France is very instructive, and, while written from a Catholic point of view, is commendably fair and sane. The following judgment is worth quoting as representing the common Catholic opinion:

> All the evils of the situation are due to the fundamental error committed by the State at the very outset, when, wishing to reorganize the life of the church in France, it broke with the Holy See instead of opening negotiations. Hence the impossibility of the church actively coöperating in the execution of laws enacted by the civil authority in a purely one-sided fashion—laws which took the place of a concordat never regularly annulled.

The article on Gothic Architecture is also interesting, and finely illustrated. The illustrations, in fact, form a striking feature of this volume, as of all the preceding. There is an elaborate and careful treatment of Biblical Geography, and a briefer article on Geography and the Church, setting forth the services of the church in the discovery and settlement of new lands. The lives of Fénelon, the great mystic, and of St. Francis of Assisi, the most attractive of all Catholic saints, are recounted sympathetically, and in the latter case with enthusiastic appreciation. The article on Galileo strives to be fair and judicial, but there is a natural inclination to minimize the hostility of the church and to magnify the faults of the great physicist. In view, however, of the common and largely erroneous tradition of the relations between Galileo and the Catholic authorities, the writer's attitude is not altogether unjustified. There is an annoying lack of exact references in this as in some other articles. Quotations favorable to the author's contention are made from various Protestant writers with no indication of the place from which they are taken—always a reprehensible practice, and particularly so in an encyclopædia. In the article entitled "Fundamental Articles" there is a capital statement of the difference between the Catholic and Protestant, or rather between the Conservative and Liberal, attitude toward dogma. The following quotations illustrate the Catholic position:

> In the first place the theory [of Fundamental Articles] is repugnant to the nature of Christian faith as understood by the church. According to her teaching the essential note of this faith lies in the complete and unhesitating acceptance of the whole *depositum* on the ground that it is the revealed word of God. The conscious rejection of a single article of this deposit is sufficient to render a man guilty of heresy. The question is not as to the relative importance of the article in question, but solely as to whether it has been revealed by God to man. . . . The Catholic church knows of one and only one test to determine this question of membership in Christ's body. This test does not lie in the acceptance of this or that particular doctrine, but in communion with the apostolic hierarchy. . . . To sum up: the system of fundamental articles is repugnant to the religion of Christ. It is a stage in the disintegration of religion, consequent on the admission of the principle of private judgment in matters of faith; and it is a stage which is necessarily destined to lead on to the complete rejection of revealed truth.

The article on Gospel and Gospels is superficial, apologetic, and anti-critical. In the bibliography not one of the great German discussions of the subject is mentioned. The article on Gnosticism, on the other hand, while equally biassed, is much more adequate and contains an admirable bibliography, as is true of most of the articles. The article on God is genuinely scholastic in form and treatment, but it gives an excellent summary of the various traditional arguments for God's existence, Anselm's ontological argument, for instance, being correctly stated, as it seldom is. In this article there is an unfortunate slur on the Modernists: "If a concrete example be needed to show how, of logical necessity, the substance of Christianity vanishes into thin air once the agnostic principle is adopted, one has only to point the finger at Modernism." This sentence suggests, what seems to be

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borne out by not a few of the articles, that the pressure of ecclesiastical authority has begun to make itself felt, and that the Encyclopædia is becoming less liberal in spirit than it was at first. This may be a mistaken impression, and it is to be hoped subsequent volumes will show it to be so; for the work is of so important a character and is bound to be so widely influential that it would be a great pity if it were anything but perfectly fair and were controlled by aught but the scholarly spirit.

Essai sur les Principes de la Métrique anglaise. I, Métrique auditive. II, Théorie générale du rythme. III, Notes de métrique expérimentale. Par Paul Verrier, Agrégé de l'Université, Docteur ès Lettres. Paris: H. Welter. Les trois volumes achetés ensemble, 30 fr.

In several ways these volumes, of which the third is still in press, are significant. They belong with the series of recent French books, noticed from time to time in these columns, which deal seriously with the best English and American authors of the last century. They give evidence also that out of the welter of conflicting notions on English metre there is slowly arising a general consensus on the fundamentals.

A great Hellenist lately remarked that no one can quite appreciate the distinctive qualities of Greek metre who has not learned to enjoy the delicate charms of French verse. The remark was just, and suggests other comparisons and contrasts. The report of a competent ancient Athenian on English versification would be immensely interesting. Since that is out of the question, perhaps the report of a competent Frenchman is the next best. The subtle and far-reaching differences between his idiom and ours, along with the underlying likeness, give a Frenchman who has mastered our speech an advantageous detachment and freedom from preconceptions. M. Verrier seems to possess these advantages. He began to publish on the subject in 1891; he has explored many avenues of approach; he asks his reader to accompany him along several of these avenues. The pace may appear rather too leisurely, but it is easy to follow.

The inadequacy of the traditional scanning being shown, Verrier next explains his own way of studying the problem. Analysis of facts, then investigation of causes—these are the two parts of all scientific method. First, all preconceptions cleared away, what is the report of the trained ear on the sound-combinations that constitute English verse? In the main its report is self-sufficient and final, though on some points experimental analysis must be called to its aid; of course, too, the ear must be competent, its training adequate. All that we can learn of the psychology of rhythm must be brought to bear. And in a complete description of English verse its historical development must be traced, it must be duly compared with the verse of other races. But life is short; of the five sections, auditive, historical, comparative, and experimental metric, with the psychology of rhythm, the second and third are omitted by Verrier; nor does he attempt any description of the vast variety of verse-forms exhibited in English. Volume I is devoted to setting forth the facts as heard, an analysis of good native rendering of English verse. This involves the analytical statement of a mass of scientific observations of ordinary English utterance, first in prose and in conversation—of the qualities of speech-sounds, syllables, phrasing, variation in stress, shifting of word-accents according to collocation, elasticity of duration. It is impossible to give in a brief notice a just idea of the wealth of details here brought together, or of the skill with which these are shown to bear on versification. Much that is popularly supposed to be "poetic license" is found to be as common in daily speech as in verse, which is, indeed, on the phonetic side, merely an artistic treatment, a comparatively slight regulation and idealization, of good talk of an elevated character, especially of an emotional nature.

In Volume II our verse is examined in the light of the general theory of rhythm. Here, too, the author is well acquainted with the best work, from ancient Greece to newest America. That he has sometimes followed the wrong authority on disputed points of Greek theory does not affect his conclusions on English. First he compares rhythm with what he chooses to call "rhythm in space." How does the eye measure equal or proportional intervals in space, and what enables the ear to measure in like manner the intervals of time that constitute rhythm? Is there any relation between the functional rhythms of the heart and of respiration, and the rhythm of art? What is the relation between the rhythms of labor and those accompanying songs of the workman that are so prominent in Bücher's well-known study? What are the relations between labor-songs and the fully developed verse-forms? These are some of the questions examined. Musical rhythm is rather fully analyzed, and the nature and office of rhyme considered, though on the latter subject there is little that is novel. Each volume is separately indexed, but scantily.

Perhaps the most important feature of Volume II is the fulness with which the fact is brought out, and its significance made clear, that in all rhythms of art, as analogously in the corresponding relations of space, we have to do with the subjective sense of rhythm, not with the actual duration of the intervals. Perfect accuracy of measurement is impossible, both for performer and for listener; perfect regularity would be intolerable if it were possible; departures from the exact pattern are both unconsciously and consciously made in obedience to the artistic sense. Joachim's "agogic accent" is one example of this, not mentioned by Verrier. Such departures are wider than one would believe without proof. But underneath all these departures the regular pattern is felt and kept in view, as an ideal not to be sought too rigorously. The reports of experimental study in Volume III will perhaps throw more light on these variations; but Verrier is well aware, though not all experimenters have been, that our mechanical methods and apparatus are not yet so perfect that we can on critical points accept their report without hesitation.

Altogether we do not know of any clearer or more convincing analysis of English verse-rhythm. Yet there is one unfortunate error, in the definition of rhythm itself. Rhythm is said to be constituted by "a perceptible division of time into sensibly equal intervals." But this makes no provision for what Verrier expressly recognizes as of great importance (I, 160), the ratio between the parts of the single foot. This is what determines the genus of the foot and of each specific rhythm, the same relation that determines the time-signature of a piece of music, as 2-4 or 3-4, etc. In many of his examples Verrier notes this relation accurately. In truth, there can be no artistic rhythm which does not in general make this relation clear. There must be not only equality of the larger intervals, the feet or bars, and a succession of equals; there must be also in the series of feet a sensibly regular relation of parts within the foot. This regular relation may be varied within limits, but it must be there, an *arrangement* of parts, a *temporum ordo inter se*, as the Latin metricists put it. What still prevents many observers from seeing that this is the case in English verse is the fact that these relations within the foot are so subtly and infinitely varied, and that what the Greeks called irrational feet are so numerous. These can be specially numerous in English without destroying the general movement, because the main ictuses are so marked by our strong word-accent. No theory that does not note this *ordo temporum inter se* can ever satisfactorily note examples like some of our familiar nursery rhymes. Two which Verrier cites together are "Little Jack Horner" and "Little Tom Tucker." Taken alone, those phrases that begin the two might have the same rhythm. But ask any child to recite each jingle as a whole, first one and then the other. Every hearer must feel a difference of movement; but for this

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difference Verrier's definition makes no provision. Some expressions suggest that Verrier is uneasy on the subject; we believe he will ultimately recognize that the distinction is fundamental.

Minor errors of the press or differences of opinion are hardly worth noting, but three may be mentioned. Verrier takes the beginning of Tennyson's song, "Sweet and Low," as in even time (II, 163); surely, Barnby's well-known setting in 6-8 time is the exact musical counterpart of the poet's reading. It looks odd to see the name of "Philip Ray, the miller's only son," repeatedly printed as Rey. And Browning's "Praise God, sang Theocrite" is robbed of both rhythm and rhyme by the spelling Theocritus. But such accidents are few.

Wayside Wisdom. By E. M. Martin. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50 net.

One is a little doubtful whether to say that Mr. Martin has tapped the vein of A. C. Benson, or merely that

> Himself drank water of the wel,
> As did the knight Sir Percivel.

At any rate, he writes for "quiet people" concerned about old houses, dreams, gypsies, country hedge-rows, being in love, growing old, and death. He composes, too, in that mood of mild and pensive melancholy which expresses itself in prose free from point and paradox, simple, limpid, and musically cadenced. Although he speaks without petulance or irritated self-consciousness, he is pretty much out of sympathy with the turbulent main currents of these days. With George Eliot, he "laments the death of leisure, a death that has affected the world more deeply than any other since the sun was darkened over the hill of Calvary." He regrets the lost art of tender recollection, the lost power of tranquil emotion, the lost delight in solitude. Like many other people of old-fashioned affections, he feels that some of the most important realities become invisible or seem insubstantial in the garish light of the modern scientific day. He puts his faith in common men, fishermen, and peasants, who have kept their faith in the supernatural, and who know the joy in common things. The pilgrim with staff in one hand and book in the other, stamped in gold on the cover of these essays, is plainly going back to nature, as in eighteenth-century England, before the romantic movement became involved with a political gospel, the scholarly dons of Cambridge and Oxford went back on short excursions to kick their feet through the dewy grass of country lanes, dreaming of the golden age of pastoral poetry, and ruminating on the superiority of the lark to Locke "On the Human Understanding." Mr. Martin's pilgrim, though he has many Bensonian characteristics, is not without his own distinctions of style and temperament; but, like the poetry of the Wartons and their friends, his wisdom is perhaps mainly interesting as a symptom and a protest against the dry rationalism of the latest age of enlightenment.

Richard Jefferies: His Life and Work. By Edward Thomas. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $3 net.

A Jefferies cult has been in the air, so to speak, for some time, waiting to be precipitated by some literary wind. His admirers have been heartening one another in secret, and waiting for an opportunity to make their sally on the world. At last comes Mr. Thomas, with this solid book, composed of a small amount of biography, a large amount of quotation from Jefferies's works, and long draughts of enthusiastic encomium. He brings to his task a full knowledge of his subject, both of the man who wandered and dreamed on the Wiltshire Downs, and of the land itself. He is able to enlighten a rational curiosity about an author still more talked of than read; it is a pity that, by emphasizing the pseudo-prophetic side of Jefferies, he presents a second-rate writer as a subject for worship rather than for sensible enjoyment. It is likely enough that Jefferies may some day be lifted into a cult to supplant Meredith, who supplanted Browning, who supplanted, etc.; but this attempt is certainly premature. Meanwhile, it is not doing him a service to quote with evident commendation the wilder extravagances of that rhapsodical autobiography which he called, "The Story of My Heart." "I see now," says Jefferies, speaking of his youthful reveries on the Downs, "that what I labored for was soul-life, more soul-nature, to be exalted, to be full of soul-learning." The ordinary processes of thought were inadequate to the swelling brain of this farm lad, and he, in retrospect at least, yearned for a brand new process which he calls "soul-thought." Neither was God high enough. While he lay on the earth and fingered the grass and the dust, he prayed that he "might touch to the unutterable existence infinitely higher than deity." Mr. Thomas does not seem to see the hectic provincialism of this sort of talk; that, like wild dreams on an empty stomach, it sprang from lack of intellectual nurture. To him this language is the mark of a prophet, of one who "fought in the dim, far-off, wavering van, of which we have yet no sure tidings."

The simple fact is that Jefferies was a man of morbid sensitiveness brought up in dull surroundings, which exasperated his nerves and starved his mind. The story of his life on the farm, as journalist in a small town, and as struggling author in the suburbs of London is in a way pitiful, even without the tragedy of his broken health and painful death. So many hopes were frustrated; so many ambitions were marred; so much talent was distorted to shrill clamor. Talent there undoubtedly was, and when he was content to range in his own sphere, he could write with rare beauty and even penetration. His novel "Amaryllis at the Fair" just misses, by its lack of form, being one of the finest idyls in English; some of his purely descriptive essays show a rare love of nature and a beautiful intimacy with her moods. One is struck, in a writer given at times to such self-tortured introspection, by the sanity and largeness of his better work. When most himself, he knows, as Thoreau and Wordsworth knew, that nature has no meaning when she disturbs, but only when she calms. If Mr. Thomas had, to his sympathetic life of Jefferies, added a critical discrimination between what was false and true in the man's outlook, he would have performed a useful service to letters. As it is, he has merely confounded the confusion already created by Walter Besant. It may or may not be to the advantage of Jefferies that this critical biography quotes so extensively from the author's works, both good and bad, as almost to make the purchase of the works themselves unnecessary.

Notes.

The index of the *Nation*, July 1 to December 31, will be printed with the issue of January 6.

Early in the new year Longmans, Green, & Co. will publish, in two volumes, a "History of the Irish Parliamentary Party from 1870 to 1890"—the period of Butt and Parnell. The author is F. Hugh O'Donnell, M.A., sometime member of Parliament.

Blaickie & Son, the Scottish publishers, celebrated on December 10 the centenary of their establishment.

The playwright Hauptmann's first novel, "Emanuel Quint," is to be published at an early date.

A selection of Praed's poems has just appeared in a special Riverside edition (see the *Nation*, December 23), and now comes another selection, edited by A. D. Godley, in the Oxford Library of Prose and Poetry (Henry Frowde). For the price this later book, like all the volumes of the series, is surprisingly well made and printed, but it has not, of course, the beauty of paper and type of its more costly predecessor. Mr. Godley has disinterred from periodicals one or two pieces which were not included in the standard two-volume edition of Praed's poems, and one piece, "One More Quadrille," which has never before been printed. It does not seem to us that the collection is benefited by those stray accessions. Otherwise, Mr. Godley's selection is good.

Ladies of defective early education who now desire to dedicate their leisure to intellectual pursuits will find in Temple Scott's "The Pleasure of Reading" (Mitchell Kennerley) just about what they want. The

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book is neatly bound, very well printed, and it opens in an easy and ingratiating way. Mr. Scott's introductory defence of reading in general is a chivalrous and entirely unimpeachable performance. In spite of certain differences in style, it frequently reminds one of "Sesame and Lilies." His commendation, in subsequent chapters, of the Bible, of poetry, of Shakespeare, of novels, and of history and biography seems to us eminently sound; as he justly points out, there is good stuff in all these departments. His appended lists for reading and study contain, it is a pleasure to note, standard works of all sorts. In fact, nearly every book that he mentions might well be read by the best people everywhere. When parts of a writer's output have been of doubtful propriety—Byron's, for example—he refers merely to a volume of selections. It is impossible to see how any harm can come from such a book.

Henry Holt & Co. have included Samuel Johnson in their "English Readings," and have wisely secured Dr. Charles G. Osgood of Princeton to edit the selections. Dr. Osgood's Introduction is a significant estimate of Johnson, worthy of being printed as a separate essay. As an antidote to the familiar caricature by Macaulay, it might well receive attention from a circle of readers wider than that of the university classrooms for which it is primarily designed. It is sympathetic in the best sense of the word, for the editor is at considerable pains to support his sentiments respecting the life and personality of Johnson by a constant appeal to specific events and utterances. If there is a fault, it is a generous one, and lies in a too frequent tone of warning against traditional prejudices which, thanks to Carlyle and others, we often bring to the reading of Boswell's "Life." The Notes are rather learned, at times, for undergraduates, but nearly always interesting.

The Elm Tree Press (Woodstock, Vt.) announces a set of publications called The Librarian's Series, to be edited by John Cotton Dana, of the Public Library at Newark, N. J., and Henry W. Kent, of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. If a sufficient number of subscriptions is secured, six books will be published, the edition being limited to one thousand copies, and five dollars being the subscription price of the entire series. They will be printed in ten and twelve-point Cheltenham type, and bound in boards. The books chosen for issuance are: (1) "The Old Librarian's Almanack," a pamphlet published in New Haven, Conn., in 1773. This is the first reprinting. (2) "The Rev. John Sharpe and his Proposal for a Publick Library at New York," by Austin Baxter Keep (1713). (3) "The Librarian": being selections from the articles contributed to the Boston *Evening Transcript* under that heading during the last three years, by Edmund Lester Pearson, editor of volume one. (4) "Some of the Best Books on the History and Administration of Libraries Published Prior to 1800: An Annotated List," compiled by Beatrice Winser, of the Newark Library. (5) "The Hoax Concerning the Burning of the Alexandrian Library," by Joseph Octave Delepierre, London, 1860-61. Translated and annotated by George Parker Winship of the John Carter Brown Library, Providence, R. I. (6) "The Early History of Libraries," by Karl Dziatzko, being a translation by Edward Harmon Virgin, librarian of the General Theological Seminary, of an article in Pauly's "Encyclopædia of Classical Antiquities."

The first of the publications in this Librarian's Series has already reached us, and is an altogether satisfactory reprint. Within and without, the little book is one to give pleasure. Republication is, besides, the only means of passing on to a thousand of us a book which is now very scarce; only two copies of "The Old Librarian's Almanack" are known to exist. But, apart from the adventitious value of the pamphlet, it has a value of its own for every lover of curious literature. The humor of its pages is all the better for the difficulty one finds in deciding, now and again, whether it be intended. How delicious is such a passing phrase as this:

> Mr. Pope (an able poet, tho a Papist) warns us that
> "A little learning," etc.

The "Almanack" is signed on the title-page by Φιλόβιβλος, but there seems to be little doubt that its composer was one Jared Bean, born in New Haven in 1705 or 1706, and, from about 1754, curator of the Connecticut Society of Antiquarians. He is mentioned in the "Literary and Genealogical Annals of Connecticut" of Sarah Gilman Bigelow, and seems to have died about 1788. The old librarian never accepted the American Revolution, toasting King George to the end. A hint of his loyalism is contained in his "Almanack," dating from 1773. The wisdom of Pope's advice about drinking deep if at all is, he suggests, "seen now-a-days, when Demagogues and others of shallow intellect seek to stir up sedition & revolt." There are many pages which cry out for citation. Specially eloquent are his expressions of scorn for the "Biblioklept or Thief of Books." One would, too, much like to quote his passage upon "the Enemies of Books," "especially . . . the Cockroach." Jared Bean believed most earnestly in excluding from shelf privileges "any mere Trifler," or "Person that would Dally with Books." The young person and the female are specified as "undesirable citizens" of the library. "Be suspicious of women," counsels Philobiblos:

> They are given to the reading of frivolous Romances, and at all events, their presence in a Library adds little to (if it does not, indeed, detract from) that aspect of Gravity, Seriousness, and Learning which is its greatest Glory. You will make no error in excluding them altogether.

"The Old Librarian's Almanack" concludes with "A Sure and certain cure for the Bite of a Rattlesnake, Made Publicke by Abel Puffer of Stoughton."

However much one may wish that the author had been more familiar with tropical Spanish-America before making his short trip across Guatemala, there are too few works in English on that interesting country for one not to welcome Nevin O. Winter's well-printed little hand-book with its fifty excellent illustrations (Boston: L. C. Page & Co.). In the book, which he calls "Guatemala and Her People of To-day," he has added to his own minute travel notes a careful compilation from the ordinary sources of information, and has made easy the way of the stay-at-home traveller. Although inclined to look at matters political in the best possible light, the author is frank enough to admit that "there has never been a real President" in Guatemala. "Each one has been a practical dictator and made the attempt, at least, to run everything in his own way." To emphasize this, there is stamped on the cover Guatemala's significant coat-of-arms: crossed bayonets and swords, partially concealed by the legend, "Libertad," and a bird of gay plumage.

Travellers in Rome who yield themselves to the subtle charm of the Campagna will hardly find the excellent Baedeker a sufficiently detailed guide. To them may be recommended the recently published volume, "La Via Appia à l'époque romaine et de nos jours," by Sig. I. Ripostelli and Prof. Orazio Marucchi, of whom the latter at any rate needs no introduction (Rome: Desclée). The work is divided into two parts, the first, by Ripostelli, describing the Pagan memorials; the second, by Marucchi, the Christian. The traveller is conducted by these efficient *cicêroni* from the beginning of the "Queen of Roads," at the Porta Capena in the vanished Servian Wall, as far as the sixth milestone, thus traversing the most interesting part of the highway. The information given is much more accurate than that usually put before the inexperienced visitor to Rome, and the book is very richly illustrated with views from photographs, old engravings, and architectural restorations. In numerous instances a view of the existent remains is confronted on the opposite page with its proper "restoration"; and though the specialist will look askance at many of these achievements of a vivid imagination, they cannot harm substantially the tourist, who needs a tolerably strong stimulus for the quickening of his historical vision. He may even be led by such means to the reading of the more strictly scientific works by Ashby and Tomassetti, the latter of whom has just begun the publication of "La Campagna Romana, Antica, Medioevale, Moderna" (Rome: Loescher), which bids fair to be his *magnum opus*.

H. Festing Jones, the author of "Diversions in Sicily" (Scribner), is one of those lucky travellers who not only finds friends everywhere, but makes them interesting to others. His tall fellows are of all sorts—lottery playing coastguards, innkeepers, a woebegone professor afflicted with the evil eye, actors, and above all the managers of puppet shows. In fact, the book is largely given up to the puppet stage, which the author saw from behind the scenes. He learned something of the year-long performances of Charlemagne and the twelve Peers, not to mention their numerous progeny. On the night when a favorite hero, Guido Santo, was to die, he found the theatre nearly empty. The kindly Sicilians could not abide the pitiful spectacle. The marionettes have been many times described, but rarely with such insight and humor. At Mount Eryx Mr. Jones saw the solemn descent of the Miraculous Madonna by St. Luke from her mountain home to the plain. In honor of the event, the Universal Deluge in seven episodes, from the dalliance of the angels with the daughters of men to the bow of promise, was represented on as many cars—a mediæval ceremony most spiritedly described. At Calatafimi the Arts (handicrafts) gave the Parable of the Prodigal Son in twenty-nine groups, not omitting the allegorical interpretation. Here, the town being poor, the groups advanced on foot from point to point. In the course of a

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discussion in police barracks concerning faith and superstition the following story was told of a village near Girgenti whose patron, St. Calogero, is frequently besought for rain. If he delays to send it the peasants threaten him with the alternative—"The cord or rain":

If he is still obdurate, they assume that he has chosen the first, put the threat into execution, take down S. Calogero, tie a cord about his neck, and reverently cast him into the sea, where they leave him until it does rain. . . . Then they pull the poor saint out of the water, dry him, give him a fresh coat of paint, and carry him back to his place in the church with a brass band and thanksgiving—another form of the recurrent death and resurrection of the god, imitating sunset and sunrise.

For stay-at-homes there is a shade too much untranslated Italian in a delightful book which those who know their Sicily even superficially will find pure gold.

Sir Horace Rumbold's "Francis Joseph and His Times" (D. Appleton & Co.) offers an extremely pleasant blending of the memoir and the formal history. It has the light touch, the leisure, the intimacy of the one and the ordered, comprehensive forward movement of the other. The lives of great men, as told in connection with their age, are not very often what they set out to be; the figure is either lost in the background or else conceals it. In the present instance we find the proportions perfect. Without pretending to the rôle of an original historian, the author has given us a correct and intelligible outline of the last 120 years of Austrian history. Without assuming the tricks of the professional word-painter he has drawn a vivid, sympathetic, and just portrait of the most historic figure among men of our time. Next year the Emperor Francis Joseph will have completed the eightieth year of his life, and his sixty-second on the throne of the Hapsburgs. The story of that career has often been told. Sir Horace Rumbold's experience as ambassador to the Austrian Emperor enables him to retell it with an air of unassuming authority and a sureness of touch that we remember in no other book on the subject. The writer's natural partiality towards his subject is modified by the diplomatic temper. What he has not got is the traditional obscurity of the diplomatic vernacular. If absolute clearness and ease are the marks of perfect style, our author has that style.

Miss Lucy M. J. Garnett's "Home Life in Turkey" (The Macmillan Company) is a well-timed contribution to our knowledge of present Ottoman conditions. While a good deal that she gives is not new, her minute details are interesting and her statements may be relied on as accurate. She is, to be sure, decidedly in sympathy with the people she describes, but her sympathy rarely, if ever, warps her judgment. Possibly she gives too favorable an account of the harem life (a point treated also in her previous work, "The Women and Folklore of Turkey"), but in any case her report, which rests on her personal observation, will serve to correct the view, very common, that this life is inevitably one of intellectual and moral apathy or stagnation. Not a few women, she points out, have been eminent in literature, and women, as is well known, took an active part in the revolution of last year. To many readers her description of the educational and general intellectual progress of the Turks, especially within the last fifty years, will be new. The fact is that a considerable circle of men and women in Constantinople interests itself in modern Christian, especially French, literature; it is true, however, that the Turks have hitherto shown little literary creative power. Miss Garnett's account of the existing schools (which are mostly attached to the mosques and confined to Koran-study), and of the new ones in operation or proposed (military and technical) is worthy of special attention. As to the success of the new government, she thinks it too soon to hazard a judgment. She none the less agrees with Mr. Stuart-Glennie's opinion, expressed in 1879, that the future of the Osmanli Turks will of necessity move toward the abandonment of European territory and a consolidation in their old home in Western Asia, with an empire extending from the Caucasus and the Caspian Sea to the Persian Gulf and the Indian Ocean.

Among the numerous recent books within the field of transportation, one which contains an interesting if visionary scheme, is "An American Transportation System," by George A. Rankin (G. P. Putnam's Sons). The writer assumes most properly that the transportation facilities of this country should be such as to combine the maximum of efficiency, safety, economy, and impartiality to all concerned. These prime requisites cannot be attained, it is argued, so long as our railways are subject to the conflicting regulations of Congress and of a multitude of State Legislatures. The author accordingly presents his theory for the betterment of existing conditions. This involves, in brief, an amendment to the Federal Constitution by which the individual states would surrender to Congress their present jurisdiction over intrastate commerce; the consolidation of the more important rail and water transportation companies into one large corporation, and the replacement of the numerous railway commissions by a court possessed of the authority to enforce the rules of the corporation.

The rapid progress of the modern science of accounting has been marked by the recent appearance of several books dealing with the general aspects of the subject as well as with the more intricate problems in bookkeeping which have resulted from the wide expansion of corporate enterprises. A valuable addition to the literature within this field has been made by E. E. Garrison in his little volume "Accounting Every Business Man Should Know" (Doubleday, Page & Co.). The writer has had wide experience in handling the problems of which he treats; his work has not been confined to a single business, but has extended to a diversity of enterprises, among which are banking, mining, transportation, and the wholesale hardware trade. Consequently, he is well calculated to speak with authority. Beginning with the most elementary transactions and with the most fundamental principles, he proceeds to discuss, among other topics, the complicated ledger system, valuation and reserves, department costs, and the devising of accounting systems to suit the peculiar characteristics of particular businesses. He turns aside from his main theme occasionally in such a way as to impress the reader with the indispensability of the expert accountant. Thus, for example, he declares that to the average investor the services of an able professional accountant are even more important than those of a lawyer. He urges that the responsibility of boards of directors could be materially increased by having on each board an expert in accounts to serve as the chairman of an auditing committee whose other members were directors. On the whole, the various chapters are concise and to the point.

The five thousand franc prize of the Académie Goncourt is awarded this year to the brothers Marius and Ary Leblond, for their novel of French colonial life, "En France."

In the series, Pages Choisies des Grands Ecrivains (Paris: Colin), has just appeared "Pages Choisies de George Eliot," with an introduction and notes by H. Hovalaque.

Through the initiative of the Société pour l'Etude des Langues et Littératures modernes, a French translation of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales" has been published by the *Revue Germanique* of Paris. The French Academy, after "crowning" the first part of the translation, now awards to the translator a considerable part of the Prix Langlois.

"Les premiers Interprêtes de la pensée américaine" is the title of a new book by A. Schalck de la Faverie, in which is described the peopling of the North American Continent, and the moral and intellectual evolution of America. Chapters are devoted to Cotton Mather, to Washington Irving, Franklin, Longfellow, Emerson, and other writers. This volume is issued contemporaneously with a translation of Emerson's "Conduct of Life," by Mlle. Dugard, the author of a well documented biography of the Concord sage (Armand Colin).

On January 3 certain letters exchanged by Alfred de Musset and a lady unnamed will be opened, at the Bibliothèque Nationale (Paris), and their nature will no doubt be made known to the inquisitive. Jules Troubat is responsible for the preservation of the correspondence, which was to have been destroyed at Musset's death, but was saved on condition that the identity of the poet's correspondent should be concealed, and that the letters should not be published before thirty years had in due course revolved.

Anatole France has recently returned to Paris from his South American lecture tour, and it is now stated that he is engaged upon a book in the *genre* of his recent "Penguin Island," the subject of which is the fall of the angels. This work, together with his lectures on Rabelais, will probably appear early in 1910.

The newest Parisian academy is, perhaps, that "Académie des Dames," a committee of whose members, including the Comtesse de Noailles, Mme. Henri de Regnier (née Heredia), Marcelle Tinayre, Myriam Harry, Daniel Lesueur, and Lucie Delarue-Madrus, has awarded its annual prize of five thousand francs to a youthful pupil of Henri de Regnier, Edmond Jaloux, for his novel, "Le Reste est silence," the story of a child. The prize is called "le Prix de la Vie Heureuse."

In connection with the meeting of the American Historical Association in this city an exhibition of manuscripts and

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books illustrative of historical writing has been opened at the Columbia University Library. The earliest and most beautiful of the illuminated manuscripts is a golden gospel loaned by J. P. Morgan. It was written on purple vellum in letters of gold about 680 A. D., and afterwards presented by Pope Leo X to Henry VIII. Later manuscripts of special importance are Arent van Corlear's Journal, 1634, which is the earliest historical MS. relating to Dutch New York, the original roll of the Concord Minute Men, the treaty between the United Netherlands and the United States in 1782, Gibbon's autograph notes for his history of Rome, and large portions of the original manuscripts of both Hume's and Macaulay's histories of England. The printed books which form the larger part of the exhibit contain a few remarkable examples, mostly from Mr. Morgan's library. The first book printed with movable type is represented by a beautiful vellum copy of Gutenberg's Bible, about 1450. Near it are placed a Chinese book printed at least 100 years earlier, and the only perfect copy of Caxton's "Recuyell of the Histories of Troy," 1475, which is the first book printed in English. Other European items are rare German pamphlets of 1520-21, relating to Luther and the Diet of Worms, a unique copy of a broadside proclaiming the Commonwealth in England, the first Greek and Latin editions of Herodotus, and remarkable editions of Cæsar, Tacitus, Josephus, and Augustine. Relating to America are the first dated edition of Columbus's letter, 1492, rare copies of Vespucci, De Bry, Purchas, etc., the first view of New York in Van der Donck's Beschrijvinghe, 1651, the first New York directory, and the first United States census.

Arthur Gilman, author and educator, died at Atlantic City, N. J., December 28, aged seventy-two years. He established in 1877 at Cambridge, Mass., the Society for the Collegiate Instruction of Women, familiarly known as the Harvard Annex, which was later created Radcliffe College. The greater number of his writings were of an historical nature.

Science.

The Survival of Man. By Sir Oliver Lodge. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co. $2 net.

Eusapia Palladino and Her Phenomena. By Hereward Carrington. New York: B. W. Dodge & Co. $2 net.

To judge by the number of volumes on "spiritism" put forth by the publishers, such books must vie with the successful novel as "best sellers." Men of science have not, as a rule, felt that they could afford the time and labor required to study phenomena which, confessedly, are not susceptible to their careful laboratory tests, and which relate to processes often connected with deliberate fraud or innocent misrepresentation. For this very reason, Sir Oliver Lodge's apologetic is not without exceptional interest; although, in giving his excuse for leaving the field of effort in which his brother scientists feel that his talents might be of greatest service to the world, he tends to confirm the view of his fraternal critics.

His book contains nothing new; but apparently aims to present a collection of the most strikingly convincing examples of the phenomena considered, and to suggest what seems to the writer to be the most reasonable hypotheses available for their explanation. Here, indeed, he gives evidence of candor and judgment quite compatible with his reputation as a scientist. The logically minded investigator, however, looks with disfavor upon the multiplication of hypotheses to account for unexplained phenomena. The hypotheses suggested by the "spiritists" imply that we have gained adequate conceptions of the meaning of life, of individual human existence, of persistence in time, of the spirit as distinguished from the mind, of the processes involved in the manifestation of mental existence through physical activities, and of many kindred subjects, none of which are thoroughly comprehended and all of which are under investigation by earnest students. The man of science will not be satisfied to entertain the hypotheses here presented until these investigations have been satisfactorily advanced, nor then unless the facts leading to these hypotheses seem unrelated to any phenomena already explicable, as is surely not the case. That the phenomena described are, in the present stage of our knowledge, mysterious, is, of course, to be granted; to argue from this that they are to be explained in terms foreign to such scientific conceptions as have already been attained is as unwarranted as it would be to look for some non-physical hypothesis to explain, for instance, the still mysterious nature of electricity.

The value of this type of research must therefore depend almost altogether on the character of the evidence and here the book does not appear convincing. When we consider the facts as a whole, as thus described in epitome by one who is best fitted to present them cogently, we can only be impressed with a sense of doubt as to the reliability of the record. The class of people in whom the phenomena are displayed are so emotional, so crudely uncritical, that one can but distrust their statements of the facts even when one does not question their honesty. As an example of "spontaneous telepathy," for instance, Sir Oliver gives prominence (pp. 139 to 144) to a detailed description of a dream by a certain attorney residing in St. Paul, Minn., in 1892—one Harry W. Wack. The name is unusual, and we assume that the dreamer whose story is given so much weight is the H. Wellington Wack (see "Who's Who in America"), who lived in St. Paul from 1889 to 1895, and who has since then published a book which, it is asserted, was largely plagiarized: he has recently been before the public. The discrediting of one anecdote does not, of course, discredit all similar ones: but this example shows how difficult it is to escape untrustworthy evidence in this field, especially as very little account is taken by our observers of the possible occurrence of illusions of memory, which are immensely more common in the experience of every man than is generally recognized.

Of the evidence in favor of the spiritistic hypothesis gleaned from the performances of Eusapia Palladino, Sir Oliver has nothing to say; a fact which is of no little significance when we turn to the book in which Mr. Carrington attempts to substantiate the spiritistic hypothesis by this Italian medium. In fact, this particular medium seems to stand apart from others of her type only because a number of professors, and doctors medical and other, of more or less eminence are numbered with those who have given attention to her accomplishments; among whom we may mention Lombroso, Richet, and Sir Oliver Lodge himself. These important witnesses in general agree that Palladino has been detected in fraud, but they all also concur in the opinion that there are certain manifestations during Palladino's *séances* that seem inconsistent with the physical concepts approved in our day, and that are inexplicable under any well established scientific hypotheses. It is unnecessary to describe these manifestations in detail for they differ little from those given in *séances* with other less well known mediums. There is the same insistence upon dim lighting, which, at the demand of the medium, is reduced in intensity *pari passu* with the strangeness of the occurrences. There is the same black curtained cabinet. Tables are moved, rappings give replies to questions, light articles are thrown around, the observers feel mysterious touches, slaps, etc., etc., as of old. Certain of the phenomena noted are, indeed, new to the world of mediums, but few of these are of especial interest.

The natural inference would be that Palladino's manifestations must be classed with those of more commonplace mediums, who have been frequently "exposed"; yet we are assured by the well-known observers of these phenomena that we must look in some new direction for the explanation of what they have seen. It remains a question, however, whether the learning of the witnesses cited fits them for passing judgments in these matters any more authoritatively than the average citizen may venture to do; whether, indeed, it is probable that they could explain the tricks of the clever prestidigitator who pretends to be no more than a skilful de-

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ceiver. We should be grateful, to be sure, to the learned company of martyrs to science who give valuable time to such wearisome business as that recorded; but, on the whole, we must confess that we remain unconvinced of the validity of Mr. Carrington's claim that the Palladino phenomena are explicable only by the adoption of the hypothesis of spiritism, and feel inclined to agree with the late Professor Sidgwick (p. 53), who, after his sittings, stated that "inasmuch as trickery had been systematically practised, apparently, by Eusapia Palladino for years, he proposed to ignore her performances in the future as those of other persons engaged in the same mischievous trade were to be ignored." Even if we do not go so far as this, we can but note that the vast mass of what were supposed a few decades ago to be spirit messages have been shown by advancing science to be due to the medium's automatisms, which are now fairly well correlated with normal psychical phenomena; and we may believe that in some future day such explanations will be forthcoming of Palladino's unfraudulent performances as will bring them into accord with well-established scientific conceptions.

Lombroso is to be honored by a statue to be erected in the city of Verona, and an international subscription for the purpose is being organized.

For the next year, the Sociedad Rural Argentina announces an international exposition of agriculture, to be held at Buenos Ayres. The United States has been allotted 4,500 square metres of space, which will be chiefly devoted to the display of agricultural and industrial machinery.

The death of Dr. Ludwig Mond is announced from abroad. He was seventy years of age, and had been most successful for many years in his applications of chemistry to industrial processes. A German by birth, in 1862 he went to England and soon gained renown by his inventions connected with the obtainance of nickel and other metals. In 1896, he founded the Davy-Faraday Research Laboratory of the Royal Institution. His collection of paintings by the Italian masters has a worldwide reputation.

Drama.

"The Lily," which has just been produced in the Stuyvesant Theatre, is an emasculated version of "Le Lys," by Pierre Wolff and Gaston Leroux, which attracted considerable attention and much adverse comment in Paris, by its open and bold advocacy of the rights of free love. Like most revolutionary social dramas of its class, it based its arguments upon an imaginary case, barely possible even in France, wholly inconceivable here, where religious, legal, and social conditions are entirely different. Moreover in its discussion of the sexual problem, it ignored the vastly important economical side of it altogether. It was not, therefore, a very valuable contribution to either political or social science. But, in view of existing conditions in France—the attitude of the church toward divorce and the scope of parental authority—it had some sort of excuse for its existence. And it was a consistent and well-made drama. In New York, it has no relevancy and the only motive for its representation must be sought in its sentimental and theatrical interests, which are considerable. It is pernicious from the moral and silly from the social point of view. Here is the plot in a nutshell. A profligate, selfish, tyrannical father, a relict of the ancient feudalism, has two daughters. The elder, whom he prevented from marrying in youth, has become a subdued, spiritless, patient, saintly, old maid, whose sole happiness is to guard and cherish her much younger sister. The latter, shut out from the world in an old château, falls in love with a transient artist, and, when she finds that she cannot marry him—because he has a wife from whom he cannot get a divorce—becomes his mistress. When her fall is discovered, her father proposes to beat her first and disown her afterward, but the blameless old maid, the lily, comes to her defence, proclaims her inalienable right to obey her natural instincts and declares that any fate for woman is preferable to that of an enforced celibacy. The dramatic effect of this unexpected outburst is, of course, striking. In "The Lily" in the concluding scenes, certain concessions are made to modern prejudices, at the expense of both force and consistency, but the play is none the less unwholesome on that account. It is beautifully mounted at the Stuyvesant, and well acted, especially by Nance O'Neil, who, in the crucial scene, touched such a note of tragic pathos as is seldom heard in the theatre of to-day. The success of the piece is ensured by her personal triumph, but the representation is a good one throughout. It is a pity that the play is not more worthy of the pains bestowed upon it.

"The Next of Kin," the latest play by Charles Klein, which was produced in the Hudson Theatre on Monday evening, and of which much was expected, is a melodrama of moderate quality and unequal effect. Although it professes to deal with a subject of the gravest import—the influence of political and commercial interests upon a corrupt judiciary—it is so general in its charges, so vague in its details, so theatrical and indefinite in its final outcome, that it is inconsiderable except as melodramatic entertainment. From this point of view it is not altogether unskilful. There are many effective situations in the first two acts, and several well sketched character studies, which afford opportunity for some excellent acting. Hedwig Reicher, as the heroine, against whom a wicked uncle employs all the machinery of the law to rob her of wealth and liberty, depicts with much cleverness the progress of a harassed girl through various stages of nervous excitement to the verge of actual insanity. Frank Sheridan, as a political ex-judge, who bends judges to his will, and Frederick Perry, as an able young advocate, who suffers defeat because he will not stoop to ignoble means to secure victory, both acted extremely well. So did most of the less prominent players. They made the best of the opportunities afforded them by a practical playwright.

The "Intimate Recollections of Joseph Jefferson" (Dodd, Mead & Co.), by his daughter-in-law, Eugénie Paul Jefferson, bears pleasing testimony to the high and affectionate esteem in which the famous actor was held by his family and by a vast host of personal friends in and out of his profession. It has a definite charm as a loving and unaffected tribute to his memory, but adds little to the general knowledge of him, either as man or artist, and contains nothing that is particularly valuable, or significant, in the way of critical appreciation. In many respects it is a work of supererogation. Such facts in it as are fresh are, as a rule, either cumulative or trivial. During the last thirty or forty years of a phenomenally prosperous and happy career, Jefferson may be said to have lived in a constant blaze of publicity. His unapproachable excellence in a single character, curiously reflective of all that was superfine in his art and of the dominant traits in his own winning personality, kept him at the head of his calling and endeared him to millions of theatre-goers all over the English-speaking world. So it came to pass that his sayings and doings were chronicled in the press with a minuteness that makes it almost impossible now to tell anything about him that has not been already recorded. That he was not spoiled by the favors showered upon him by fortune is, perhaps, the most substantial proof of the solid worth of his character and the soundness of his intellect. He preserved to the end his democratic simplicity, his tender and genial humanity, his enjoyment of life, art, sport, and nature, and his spirit of habitual optimism. These recollections afford some fresh glimpses of him as the enthusiastic painter and shrewd collector, as the fond sire and grandsire, the ardent fisherman, the wide-awake man of affairs, the liberal host, and the occasional speculator in spiritual mysteries. They speak, also, proudly but discreetly, of his close friendship with Grover Cleveland and other eminent men, who found in him the virtues of true companionship. It is an agreeable book, if somewhat over-zealous in its hero-worship.

"The Travelling Companions," a story in scenes, by F. Anstey, which was originally published as a serial in *Punch* in 1891, has now been reprinted by J. M. Dent & Co. of London and imported here by E. P. Dutton & Co. It is not a very brilliant specimen of the author's humor, and shows the marks of age very clearly, the conditions of European travel having changed greatly since it was first written. The sketches of the tourists concerned do not reveal much power of observation or invention, the English personages being conventional and the American grotesque. It is mildly amusing in its way, and, in the absence of more substantial wit, might serve to while away a lazy half-hour, but the reason for its resuscitation is not particularly obvious.

Meta Illing died December 26 at Frankfort-on-Main. This actress had appeared in many emotional parts at the Lessing Theater in Berlin, the Thalia Theater in Hamburg, and the Schauspielhaus in Munich, of each of which she was a member, and at many other theatres in Germany and Austria. In 1906 she appeared at the Berkeley Lyceum in New York, in "Magda," in English. Before this she had

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played in the West as a German star. During the present season in Berlin she organized a company for the performance of Shakespearean and other plays, including "She Stoops to Conquer," in English.

From Gross Lichterfelde is announced the death of the dramatist and novelist, Karl Böttcher, in his fifty-eighth year. This writer's plays, dealing frequently with mooted social and political questions, more than once were banned by the censor. Apart from books of travel, his works include "Der Nabob auf Kapri," "Karlsbader Novellen," "Die berühmte Tragödin," "Im Bann der Engländerei."

Music.

The oldest of all the operas that have kept their place in the regular repertories is Mozart's "Le Nozze di Figaro." There is one, however, twenty-three years older still, which is occasionally revived—Gluck's "Orfeo ed Eurydice." Its production last week was one of the most notable achievements ever placed on record at the Metropolitan Opera House. There are no men in the cast; Louise Homer, Johanna Gadski, Bella Alten, and Alma Gluck (a recent recruit from the chorus, who bids fair to become a famous prima donna) impersonated the four rôles in the cast; and Mme. Homer, on whom fell most of the burdens, raised her stature as an artist by several inches. Arturo Toscanini, who conducted with the utmost devotion and enthusiasm, had chosen for this revival neither the original Italian version of "Orfeo," which was first heard in Vienna in 1762, nor the Parisian, which was produced twelve years later; but, profiting by the suggestions of Berlioz and Gevaert, he eliminated weak numbers and strengthened other places. In other words, he followed the example of Wagner, who believed that it was better to edit Gluck's operas and save them than to leave them on the shelf, respectfully unedited. The Metropolitan audience applauded the opera so cordially that there is hope of its becoming again a favorite—a fate it deserves because of its abundance of good melody. The beautiful scenery provided by Mr. Gatti-Casazza will help to rescue "Orfeo." It is exquisitely in harmony with the poetic conceptions of the infernal and paradisiac realms in which the story of Orpheus in quest of his wife is located.

"The Essentials of Pianoforte Playing," by Clayton Johns (Oliver Ditson Co.), is a convenient summary, in 84 pages, of the things a student of the piano and its literature most needs to know. It is not intended for beginners, but for those who have already acquired facility in reading easy music; and there is much, too, that will help teachers who have not the opportunity to keep in touch with the latest developments in musical pedagogy. Mind-training, as well as finger-training, is what the author aims at; and in pursuance of this object a number of famous short pieces by Clementi, Bach, Schumann, Chopin, and other masters are printed, with analyses and directions for their correct rendering. The chapters How to Practice and Punctuation or Phrasing are to be specially commended, while in the section entitled "A comparison between instrumental music and verse" there is much food for thought for those who make all accents metrical, forgetting that notes, like words and syllables, have special emphasis according to their value and position. It is somewhat disconcerting, on the other hand, to find the statement that, as a rule, "accelerando in one place demands ritardando in another." Why, in music any more than in the recitation of verse?

To say that music is "the science of harmonical sounds" is to give a poor definition of it, for music is an art as well as a science, and much of it consists of melodies that do not include "harmonical sounds." It would be unfair, however, to condemn M. F. MacConnell's "Some Essentials in Musical Definitions for Music Students" (Oliver Ditson Co.) because of this opening definition. For the most part, the terms that an amateur or a student needs to know about are clearly defined and helpfully illustrated in this book, which aims at being something more complete than the average musical catechism, but less elaborate than the usual dictionaries of terms. The chief advantage of the plan here pursued is that the various words relating to rhythm, melody, sharps and flats, scales, keys, time, accent, embellishments, form, opera, etc., are brought together instead of being scattered throughout the volume. There is an appendix of noted names in music, brought up to the present day. It is altogether a very useful little book.

One of the new operas at the Paris Opéra Comique, the "Cœur du moulin" of Déodat de Séverac ("poème lyrique en deux actes, paroles de M. Maurice Magre"), is described as expressing most exquisitely the *genius loci*, which happens to be Languedoc. A peasant lover returns to his own country to find his sweetheart married to another. They meet, and the sweetheart once again returns the passion of her lover. They plan to flee together—but the "voices of the village" speak to him, and, in the end, he departs alone. The piece is one of poetical merit, and has unusual spontaneity. There is to be recognized, also, richness of melodic invention. Furthermore, the piece is mounted with fidelity and richness. It may none the less be doubted whether "le Cœur du moulin" is a piece which we are likely to see transplanted. The thinness of its action would seem a sufficient obstacle. With M. de Séverac's opera is given a *conte musical* in two acts, by Ernest Garnier, entitled "Myrtil."

Many operas have been written on the subject of Faust. It has remained for a Dutch composer, named Brüggemann, to conceive and carry out the plan of writing a "Faust" trilogy. His three operas are entitled "Dr. Faust," "Margarete," and "Mephistopheles." The second of these is to be produced at the Scala in Milan ere long. It is said to resemble in plot Gounod's popular work.

The Berlin *Signale für die Musikalische Welt* announces the result of the competition for prizes offered by it last May. Altogether, 874 compositions were received, and the judges (Busoni, Hollaender, P. Scharwenka) gave the first prize of 500 marks to Emile R. Blanchet of Lausanne. "Hitherto absolutely unknown in Germany," writes the editor, "he will soon be famous, thanks to his prize composition, 'Tema con Variazioni,' and the *Signale* has reason to be proud of having practically discovered this composer." The second prize (400 marks) was won by a young American, L. T. Grünberg, who has been in Berlin several years and begun to make a name for himself as a pianist. The third went to Willy Renner of Frankfurt, for a fugue. Altogether, eight prizes were awarded to men, two to women.

Albert Niemann, who impersonated "Tannhäuser" at Paris during the three stormy performances of Wagner's opera in 1861, recently sang the "Reiterlied" in "Wallenstein's Camp," at the celebration of the 150th anniversary of the birth of Schiller, at the Schauspielhaus, Berlin. He is in his seventy-ninth year.

Art.

Scottish Paintings, Past and Present. By James L. Caw. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $8 net.

In this work Mr. Caw, director of the National Gallery of Scotland, has had a two-faced task. In the century and a half before Raeburn is reached, although something is to be said for the cosmopolitan Allan Ramsay, the work is one of painstaking antiquarianism. As such it gives a favorable impression. Except as a few additional pictures by the older worthies may turn up, it is not likely that the early chapters of this history will be superseded. From Raeburn on, while retaining its historical tinge, the book becomes perforce one of criticism. It concludes with such living young lions as Stuart Park and Muirhead Bone.

Nor has Mr. Caw flinched from the almost impossible duty of unifying his studies in a final comprehensive essay. Of his somewhat discrepant tasks, he has acquitted himself with ability. Naturally the appeal of the antiquarian portions is small here, but American readers will welcome the discussion of Raeburn, of Wilkie, and of the Glasgow School. Some of Mr. Caw's verdicts seem adjusted to Caledonian latitudes, but in the main his standards are European. At times he presses doubtful points of priority with patriotic intent. Thus Gavin Hamilton, who managed to be a fledgling pseudo-classic as early as 1770, is called a precursor of David. The precursor of both, oddly enough, was a talented young eclectic named Fragonard. William Allan, a temperamental affinity of the later Delacroix, was exhibiting Oriental subjects as early as 1814. His position as a precursor of the Orientalists seems secure.

The most important chapters are naturally those on Raeburn and Wilkie, the only two Scottish painters who seem to have achieved anything like greatness on the European scale. A welcome addition to the biography of Raeburn is the fact that he began his

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studies with the etcher Deuchar, an imitator of the Dutch masters. This may partly account for Raeburn's mysterious assimilation of what seems best in the manners of the earlier Dutch portrait painters. Though highly enthusiastic, the estimate of Raeburn is also cautious. In serene certainty of point of view, as in simple directness of touch, he is far nearer the great masters than any of the English painters save Hogarth. Wilkie, again, has no rival in Great Britain except the creator of Marriage à la Mode. In fact, Hogarth, whom Mr. Caw prudently keeps pretty far in the background, may well serve as the measure of all British achievement in painting. What is written about the still oscillating vogue of the Glasgow painters is both sympathetic and judicious. Mr. Caw, while fully appreciating the painter-like qualities of Hornel, Melville, Roche, Walton, Lavery, George Henry, Mackie, Lorimer, Austen Brown, and others, does not hesitate to note the lack of culture that limits the effect of all this work. One feels, indeed, on surer ground with the etchers, William Strang, D. Y. Cameron, who is also a painter of parts, and Muirhead Bone. All Mr. Caw's comment on recent and living painters is as searching as kindly. To the average reader it will be the most interesting part of the book.

In summing up, the permanent characteristics of Scottish art are said to be limited intellectual range—portraiture, landscape, and *genre* alone are seriously cultivated—a keen sense for workmanship, and, in particular, a love of color. Mr. Caw suggestively draws the analogies between recent Scotch and Dutch painting, and emphasizes the real points of difference with the English school. The art societies, ephemeral and permanent, and the museums are duly recorded. The volume is a stout quarto well printed and indexed, and contains seventy-six half-tone plates.

"The English House," by W. Shaw Sparrow (John Lane Co.) is primarily an historical essay in the popular style. Keenly alert to the social aspects of his subject, the author seeks novel and striking illustrations. A charcoal burner's hut takes us back to neolithic man; the peasant cottage recalls in miniature that communal life in hall which all classes led till late in the Middle Ages. Through the boldly printed text are scattered illustrations of typical homes, many of which, alas, have disappeared before the jerry-builder or, less pardonably, before the innovating architect. With Mr. Sparrow's plea for sound-proof walls every one might sympathize. It seems a case, indeed, for legal compulsion. Especially good, also, is the advice to stake out floor plans at full scale before accepting them. What is written about the relations of client and architect is sound. The ascendency of the architect must in the nature of the case rest upon persuasion. For an artist this is a hard law, but, at bottom, it is that of all professional practice that touches obvious utilities. Concerning the battle of the styles, Mr. Sparrow holds severe views, if genially expressed. There is no hope, he holds, in the prevailing eclecticism. How to stop it he naturally does not know, but he wishes that everybody would continue one or another of the English transitional styles—Tudor, Elizabethan, or Queen Anne—choosing those phases in which the Gothic residuum is most prominent. It may be interesting to note our own tendency to solve the problem along parallel lines. Our tendency is towards later composite styles, in which the classic element is the ruling one—Georgian and Louis XVI. In the absence of Gothic examples such a course seems logical. We doubt the possibility of the revival of Gothic style for monumental buildings. For domestic purposes its later forms seem still adapted. The difficulty is that few are willing to pay for sincerity of construction, whether in half timber or in stone and brick. Towards the classical revivals in England Mr. Sparrow is frankly hostile. It seems to us that he is hardly fair towards that very exquisite designer Wren. Adam, too, though his quality was small, was something more than a decorator. On the whole matter of the classical revival it must be admitted that many of its monuments are stupid and that most are wofully small in effect, but the Neo-Gothic buildings are if anything worse. Wisdom seems, as usual, to lie between the extreme courses. The Roman, including the Romanesque and Byzantine, evidently has its constructive lessons for us. More immediately useful seem the styles of Italy and France in their prime. The better modern buildings of Renaissance inspiration at least have scale and idiom. But we cannot pursue this issue. Mr. Sparrow's vivacious book is calculated for Englishmen, but all students of domestic architecture may read it with profit.

"A Handbook of Marks on Pottery and Porcelain," by W. Burton and R. L. Hobson (Macmillan), is a thin volume with rounded corners intended for the collector's pocket. It contains twenty-three registers of marks arranged by nations, kilns, and dates. Each section is preceded by a brief technical introduction, and there are four indexes, including names (except Oriental), letters or monograms, symbols, and Oriental names. Only continued use can prove the accuracy of lists of this sort. We have now merely to note the compactness of the form and the convenience of the arrangement. The fact that experts on European and Eastern ceramics have here collaborated inspires confidence, and casual tests of the Italian and Japanese sections give a good impression of the work.

We have received the first year-book of the St. Paul Institute of Arts and Sciences. Like its Brooklyn forerunner this corporation takes the whole of human knowledge to be its province, and in the first year has attained a notable membership and has conducted numerous successful lecture courses. The city wisely came to its aid by permitting the use of school buildings for this truly educational work. The institution under the presidency of Charles W. Ames, Esq., is highly organized into many sections, covering everything from astronomy to the milliner's art. A general museum is under consideration, and the beginnings of an art gallery have been made in a few gifts of modern pictures. In all, an auspicious beginning of a great and meritorious enterprise.

In "The Art of the Metropolitan Museum" (L. C. Page & Co.) David C. Preyer begins with a brief history of the museum and statement of its aims, and closes with a list of benefactors. The nineteen intervening chapters give brief histories or technical explanations of each branch of art, with incidental mention of examples in the galleries. Of the task of writing a brief universal history apropos of a particular museum, Mr. Preyer has acquitted himself creditably. The advisability of the plan is open to question. Something in the way of a short, reasoned catalogue, after the plan of that published by the Boston Museum, would seem to us more needed. Certain sections of the present volume—for example, that in which Chinese porcelain is discussed without directing the reader specifically to a single fine piece—seem clean wasted. However, Mr. Preyer writes with enthusiasm, has the courage of his personal tastes, and has given what might be a routine book a distinct personal flavor. The shortcomings are less in substance than in style, proof-reading, and in an occasional erratic judgment. We offer certain corrections and suggestions, since the book evidently has vitality enough to carry it through succe. sive printings. The English is energetic, but undistinguished, and at times quite slovenly. A sentence like the following is typical:

> The greatest portrait painter of the Dutch school, the one who is placed according to individual preference as the greatest master in portraiture, was Frans Hals, of whom the museum shows sufficient examples to enable us to determine him a master of masters.

No one who must deal with a subject of this magnitude is likely to pass the proof-room unscathed, but the errors in this volume exceed the tolerable mean. In the Italian and Japanese sections misprints are frequent and disfiguring. We note only those that may make trouble. "Klopas," p. 44, is not recognizable as a Greek sculptor; read Scopas. "Parmigiano," pp. 78 and 108, is not a painter, but a cheese. "Diffidente" is a curious twist for Defendente, p. 87. We should be glad to see certain exaggerations toned and omissions repaired in a second edition. That "the Romans created nothing" their portraiture and architecture remain to disprove. Gothic sculpture is grossly underestimated. No mention is made of Claux Sluter, whose realism won the admiration of Renaissance Italy. That Saint-Gaudens, the faithful student of the early Italian sculptors, "liberated us from slavish dependence on the Italian Renaissance" is a paradox we should like to see explained. We are sorry to see the unpleasing, if authentic, example of Giovanni Bellini at the Metropolitan accredited either as a representative or important picture. It was a pity to omit the exquisite portrait of a lady by Bernard Strigel. In its small way it is a worthy pendant to the early Holbein. Rousseau's Gorges d'Apremont in the Vanderbilt gallery seems to certain people the finest realistic landscape of the nineteenth century. At any rate, its quality entitles it to mention. In a new edition we wish Mr.

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Preyer could persuade himself not to enhance by his authority the popularity of Cot's sentimental The Storm. It will be news to Englishmen that the Royal Academy has been "Ruskinized," unless, indeed, the word is a trope meaning drubbed by Ruskin. One might wish finally for a fuller recognition of the merits of Homer Martin, whose sheer pictorial gift in many opinions far surpassed that of the great *improvvisatore* Inness. In the regards here suggested we believe that a good book might be substantially improved.

Thanks to the activity and funds of the Dürerbund, a new and cheaper edition of "Ludwig Richter: Lebenserinnerungen eines deutschen Malers," designed especially as a contribution to popular education, has been issued by Max Hesse's Verlag in Leipzig. A better choice in German biography scarcely could be made, for no one who ever put brush to canvas was so in sympathy with the German masses as Ludwig Richter, famous for what he did to revive wood engraving, but more famous as the painter of humble German life. These *Erinnerungen* have been amplified by Heinrich Richter, and there is an introduction by Ferdinand Avenarius.

The late Judge Madill of Saint Louis commissioned Gifford Dyer to paint a series of forty pictures to commemorate the ruins and historical views of Greece as they now stand. Mr. Dyer has lived in the country for several years and has finished about half the set. Judge Madill gave the paintings to Washington University, and they are now hanging in one of the galleries of the City Art Museum. It is not easy to combine artistic beauty with topographical drawing; but Mr. Dyer, while giving a true representation of some monument or historic spot of Greece, has attained pictorial beauty as well as utility. He paints in thin, flat planes, each object or spot of color being outlined with a delicately drawn line of brown or black. But such is his power of creating atmosphere by exact value that his pictures are flooded with air.

A photographic apparatus has recently been invented by Dr. Carl von Arnhard of Munich, Bavaria, for the easy and exact production of copies of old manuscripts in their original form without taking them out of the books in which they may be contained. The inventor, born in Munich July 16, 1850, studied philosophy and Oriental languages in the university of his native city and also in Leipzig. He is the author of a treatise entitled "Die Wasserweihe nach dem Ritus der æthiopischen Kirche," published in the *Zeitschrift der deutschen morgenländischen Gesellschaft*, in 1887. These studies impressed him with the slow and painful process of copying old manuscripts with the pen, and led him to devise some means of avoiding it. This desirable result has been attained by a very simple photographic apparatus, which, without camera and lens, with the aid of a small electric lantern constructed for this purpose, produces a perfect copy of a page of manuscript in about half a minute. Persons particularly interested in this unique invention may obtain further particulars from Dr. Georg Hauberrisser, Dienerstrasse 19, Munich, Bavaria. It has been patented in Germany, France, England, and the United States.

Frederic Remington, painter, sculptor, and writer, died December 26 in Ridgefield, Conn. Though an Easterner, he spent much of his time in the West, living as well as depicting the life of ranchman, cowboy, and Indian. Born in 1861, he entered the Yale Art School, intending to become a painter; but his artistic career was interrupted upon his father's death, though he enjoyed unusual opportunities for travel, his wanderings extending as far south as the interior of Mexico, and as far north as Hudson Bay. His more serious work in oils dates from his thirties, and later. Early in his career, he expressed the wish to have some one carve on his tombstone, "He knew the horse." And it was in the painting of the horse that he excelled. In execution, his most notable characteristic was, perhaps, the daring use of vivid, dazzling color. In the nineties, he visited Europe, the results of these travels being expressed in A German Infantry Officer, An Old Trooper, and other works. In 1894, feeling that "the West was all played out in its romantic aspects," as he expressed it, he made his home in New Rochelle. It was not until a year later that he turned his hand to sculpture. The most famous of the resultant bronzes is the Bronco Buster. The artist visited Cuba at the time of the Spanish-American war, and later returned to Europe. On one or more occasions he exhibited at Paris.

Finance.

AFTER THE "LOAN-SHIFTING."

Among the particularly interesting comparisons, made possible by the returns, just published, of the whole country's national banks, were the figures of the loan account, at New York and outside of New York. Up to the end of summer the New York bank position was unusually comfortable. The widespread and thorough liquidation, after the break-down of 1907, had brought bank liabilities to a low level. Simultaneously, the releasing of currency from the channels of trade sent that currency into bank reserves, where it found already lodged the $100,000,000 gold, imported during panic times. The result on the New York banks, during 1908, was so striking that, by the middle of the year, surplus reserves had reached $66,098,000—the highest level ever attained by them, save for the similar after-panic period, 1894.

The present year had those easy bank conditions as a legacy. As recently as the end of last July, the New York surplus bank reserves, at $34,000,000, stood at a height attained in midsummer during only two other years of the decade past—one being 1908. This seemed to be promise of continued easy money.

But this high midsummer surplus crumbled away with astonishing rapidity. Recall of interior money from New York, as harvest-time approached, occurred as usual; but no effort was made to reduce the New York loan account built up on the basis of those interior reserves. On the contrary, Stock Exchange speculation for the rise, on a scale of excessive magnitude, increased the demand for credit. By September 11, the New York surplus had declined to $3,166,000. Since reserve money was still leaving the Associated Banks for the West at the rate of five to ten millions weekly, and since speculation was still rioting on the Stock Exchange, a deficit in reserves, below the 25 per cent. requirement, seemed unavoidable.

It did not come. The reason for its non-appearance was not the maintenance of the New York currency holdings; that item fell from $351,800,000 on September 11 to $298,900,000 on December 4. What happened was a reduction between those dates, in loans of the Associated Banks, amounting to no less than $163,000,000. But since this enormously large loan reduction was accompanied by no visible reduction in credits granted on the Stock Exchange or elsewhere, it follows that some one else besides the Associated Banks must have been taking over the loans with which those institutions had found themselves overloaded.

The manner in which a good-sized block of our loans was transferred to London in October—$20,000,000 to $30,000,000, the bank statement seemed to show, in a single week—and the manner in which London threw back later a good part of those loans, makes up one chapter in the episode. The Canadian banks took some; trust companies some; private lenders, in a roundabout way, took others. But the consensus of opinion grew to be that interior institutions were assuming the load, just as in 1906, when clearing-house authorities declared that out-of-town domestic banks were lending $300,000,000 in New York.

Until the past few days, no one could say exactly how large was this shifted burden taken over by interior banks. Five weeks ago, the comptroller of the currency called for reports of all the national banks as of date November 16. That was the height of the loan-shifting movement, and the next previous call of the comptroller had been on September 1, just when the process must have been beginning. Last week's complete and detailed official figures, compiled from those returns, show that the national banks outside New York had in the period increased loans $141,000,000, while New York has reduced its own by $122,000,000.

In the same autumn months of 1906, New York reduced its loans $27,500,000, while banks outside this city expanded loans by $94,600,000. In the similar period of 1905—which very closely resembled the season past—New York reduc-

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ed its loans by $95,500,000, against an expansion of $113,600,000 elsewhere. Here was the same process at work as in 1909, but in neither of the two other years was a shifting process indicated on anything like so large a scale as in this season.

What the resultant position in New York was, most of us have for some time been aware. What it was in the banks outside New York, the comptroller's figures partially suggest. According to these figures, Chicago and St. Louis, which with New York constitute the "central reserve cities," were on November 9 below the required 25 per cent. reserve against deposits. How the rest of the interior stands, as compared with the admitted periods of general strain on banking facilities at this date in 1906 and 1905, may be judged from the following figures:

	1909. Per cent.	1906. Per cent.	1905. Per cent.
Other reserve cities..	25.56	24.32	24.77
Southern States	17.87	18.16	18.58
Middle West	16.82	16.60	17.22
Farther West	17.26	16.78	17.56

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abbey, H. The Dream of Love; a Mystery. Cambridge: Riverside Press. 75 cents.
Allison, W. T. The Amber Army and Other Poems. Toronto: Williams Briggs.
Björnson, B. Wise-Knut. From the Norwegian by Bernard Stahl. Brandu's. $1 net.
Bond, F. Westminster Abbey. Frowde.
Brand, R. H. The Union of South Africa. Frowde.
Browne's Religio Medici and Digby's Observations. Frowde.
Bulletin of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Vol. 45, No. 1. Boston.
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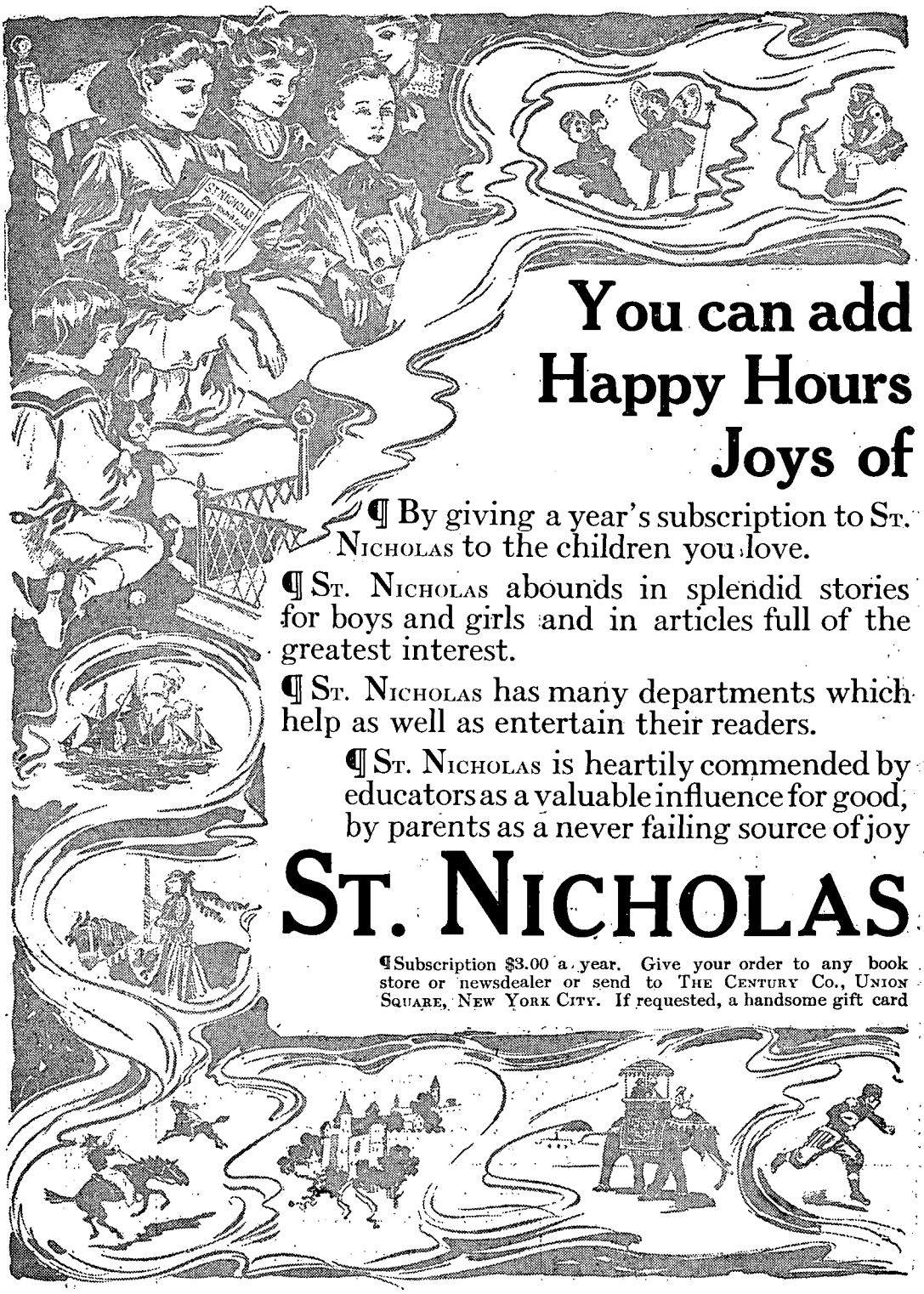

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